

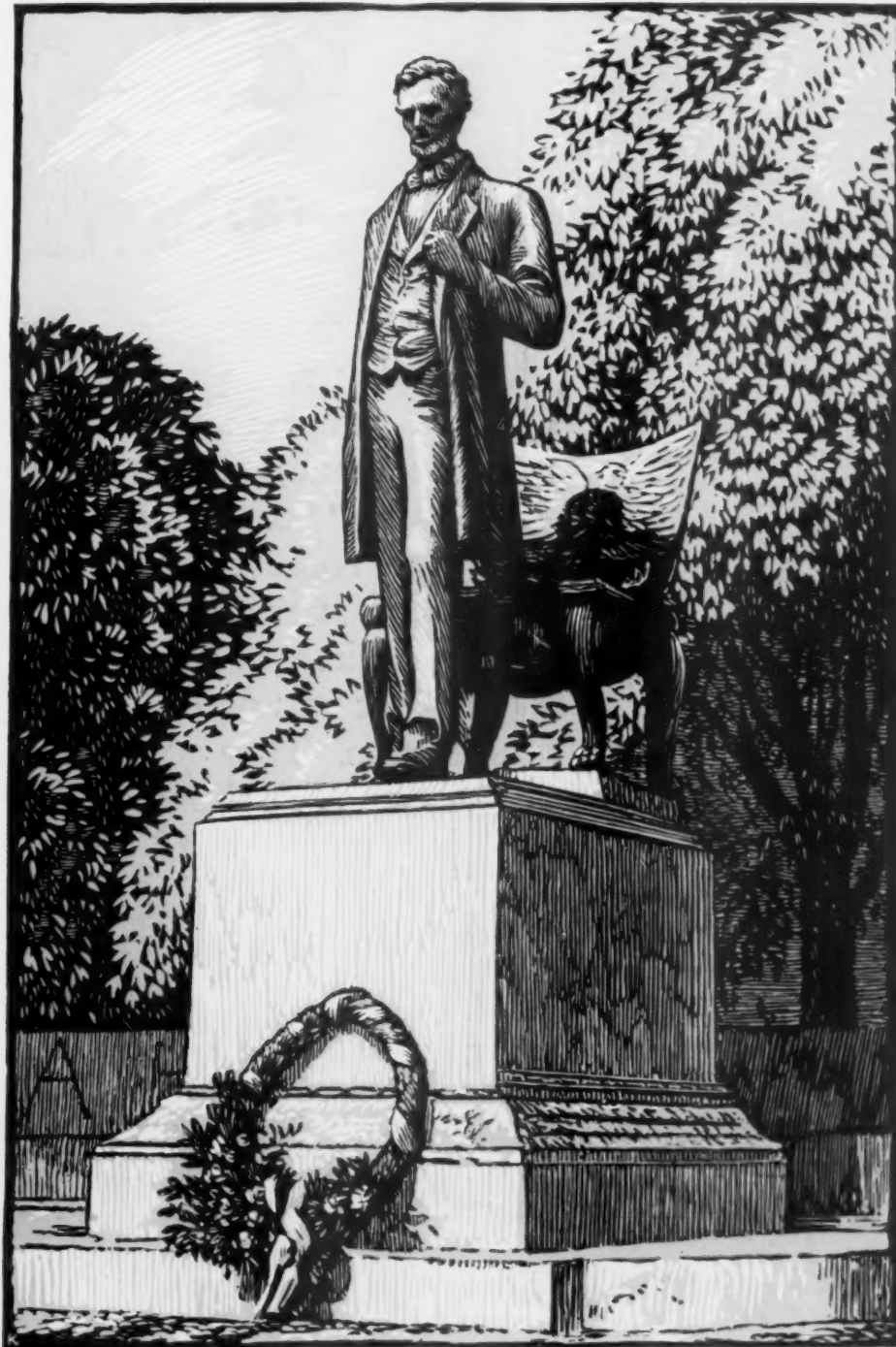
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THE ROTARIAN

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February
1927
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ST. GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN, IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

IN THIS NUMBER: Rotary Responsibilities—By Harry H. Rogers
Brothers of the Four Seas—By J. R. Perkins
Father—By Ellis Parker Butler

Coffee by Long Distance

\$10,963.20
worth



WHENEVER ACTION is important, we suggest long distance calls. Compare the charges with what it would cost to send representatives in person. Compare the number and size of the orders and compare the time required.

Hundreds of businesses are now using the telephone over states and over trade territories as they formerly used it locally. There are no county or state lines to the telephone, in buying and selling goods;

A COLORADO COFFEE COMPANY devised a new container for its product. On one side appeared the name of the brand, on the other the word "sugar," "corn-meal," "salt" or some other commodity for which the can could later be used. Here was an idea likely to appeal to housewives. What was needed was quick distribution. They got it—by Long Distance. Telephone calls to 19 dealers in 9 states got 18 orders for 27,128 pounds of coffee. Later, the 19th dealer bought as a result of the call.

in making appointments; in closing transactions. In saving time and money.

What concern would it pay to call now, in the next state or across the continent? The cost is usually less than you'd think. . . . *Number, please?*

BELL LONG DISTANCE SERVICE





"You Didn't Say a Single Word All Evening"

"**H**OW could I? I didn't even know what they were talking about." "Well, Ralph, I wouldn't brag about that."

"But how was I supposed to know that they were going to talk literature and art? If they had discussed real estate, I could have chatted with them easily—all evening. . ."

"Business, always business! If you were a big enough real estate man you'd know how to forget business and talk of other things in company!"

"I never felt so uncomfortable in my life," he said ruefully. "Couldn't even follow the drift of things. What was all that discussion about some poet who was killed in the war?"

"Really, Ralph—you should keep more abreast of things. I was surprised that you didn't contribute at least one idea or opinion to the whole evening's discussion."

He turned to her, curiosity and admiration mingling in his smile. "You were certainly a shining light tonight, Peg! You made up for me, all right. Where did you ever find out all those interesting things?"

Many Wives are Keeping Pace with Successful Husbands—This Pleasant Way

Peg was grateful for her husband's praise.

But, instead of answering his question, she smiled enigmatically.

He moved closer, glad to have diverted attention from himself. "You were the prettiest and cleverest woman at that dinner, dear!" he said.

"Just for that," she beamed, "I'm going to tell you why I was able to join in the conversation tonight—and you were not."

"Oh, that's easy" he said, man-like. "You get more time to read than I do."

"Is that so!" she retorted. "I don't get the chance to read a good book from one month to the next. But I've solved that problem. I have a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book."

"What's that?"

"It's a whole library condensed into one fascinating scrap book. It contains only the best thoughts of the best minds of the last four thousand years—the 'high lights,' you know."

"That sounds interesting. Tell me more about it."

The Famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book

By the time they reached home, she had told him all about the unique Scrap Book. How Elbert Hubbard, many-sided genius, began it in youth and kept it throughout life. How he added only the choicest bits of inspiration and wisdom—the ideas that helped him most—the greatest thoughts of the greatest men of all ages. How the Scrap Book grew and became Hubbard's chief source of ideas—how it became a priceless collection of little masterpieces—how at the time of his death, it represented a whole lifetime of discriminating reading.

"Imagine it! This Scrap Book has now been published and anyone can have a copy. Do you know what that means? You can get in a few minutes' pleasant reading each evening what it took Elbert Hubbard a whole lifetime to collect! You can get at a glance what Hubbard had to read days and days to find. You can have the finest thoughts of the last four thousand years in one wonderful volume. If you read in the Scrap Book occasionally, you'll never be uncomfortable in company again. You'll be able to talk as intelligently as any one."

May We Send It to You for FREE Examination?

The Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book radiates inspiration from every page. It contains ideas, thoughts, passages, excerpts, poems, epigrams—selected from the master thinkers of all ages. It represents the *best* of a lifetime of discriminating reading, contains choice selections from 500 great writers. *There is not a commonplace sentence in the whole volume.*

This Scrap Book is a fine example of Roycroft book-making. The type is set Venetian style—a page within a page—printed in two colors on fine tinted book paper. Bound scrap-book style and tied with linen tape.

Examine it at our expense! The coupon entitles you to the special five-day examination—if you act at once. Just send off the coupon today, and the famous Elbert Hubbard Scrap Book will go forward to you promptly. When it arrives, glance through it. If you aren't inspired, enchanted—simply return the Scrap Book within the five-day period and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

We urge you to act now. We want you to see the Scrap Book, to judge it for yourself. Mail this coupon TODAY to Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors, Dept. 482, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Wm. H. Wise & Co., Roycroft Distributors,
Dept. 482, 50 West 47th Street,
New York City.

You may send me for five days' free examination a copy of Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book in clothlined butcher paper binding. Within the five-day period I will either return the Scrap Book without obligation, or keep it for my own and send only \$2.90, plus few cents postage, in full payment.

Name

Address

City State

[] A few copies are available in a sturdy binding of semi-flexible basket-weave buckram for only \$1 additional. Please check in this square if you want this de luxe binding, with the same return privilege.

A buying guide

BEFORE you order dinner at a restaurant, you consult the bill-of-fare. Before you take a long trip by motor-car, you pore over road maps. Before you start out on a shopping trip, you should consult the advertisements in this magazine. For the same reasons!

THE advertising pages are a buying guide to you in the purchase of everything you need. A guide that saves your time and conserves your energy; that saves useless steps and guards against false ones; that puts the s-t-r-e-t-c-h in family budgets.

THE advertisements in this magazine are so interesting, it is difficult to see how anyone could overlook them . . . fail to profit by them. Just check with yourself and be sure that you are reading the advertisements regularly—the big ones and the little ones. It is time well spent . . . always.



*Avoid time-wasting, money-wasting detours on
the road to merchandise value. Read
the advertising "road maps"*

THE ROTARIAN

TITLE REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE
Official Publication of Rotary International

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The Rotary Code of Ethics

For Business Men of All Lines

Adopted by the Sixth Annual Rotary Convention at San Francisco, July, 1915.

MY BUSINESS STANDARDS shall have in them a note of sympathy for our common humanity. My business dealings, ambitions and relations shall always cause me to take into consideration my highest duties as a member of society. In every position in business life, in every responsibility that comes before me, my chief thought shall be to fill that responsibility and discharge that duty so when I have ended each of them, I shall have lifted the level of human ideals and achievements a little higher than I found it. As a Rotarian it is my duty:

1ST: To consider my vocation worthy, and as affording me distinct opportunity to serve society.

2ND: To improve myself, increase my efficiency and enlarge my service, and by so doing attest my faith in the fundamental principle of Rotary, that *he profits most who serves best*.

3RD: To realize that I am a business man and ambitious to succeed; but that I am first an ethical man, and wish no success that is not founded on the highest justice and morality.

4TH: To hold that the exchange of my goods, my service and my ideas for profit is legitimate and ethical, provided that all parties in the exchange are benefited thereby.

5TH: To use my best endeavors to elevate the standards of the vocation in which I am engaged, and so to conduct my affairs that others in my vocation may find it wise, profitable and conducive to happiness to emulate my example.

6TH: To conduct my business in such a manner that I may give a perfect service equal to or even better than my competitor, and when in doubt to give added service beyond the strict measure of debt or obligation.

7TH: To understand that one of the greatest assets of a professional or of a business man is his friends and that any advantage

gained by reason of friendship is eminently ethical and proper.

8TH: To hold that true friends demand nothing of one another and that any abuse of the confidences of friendship for profit is foreign to the spirit of Rotary, and in violation of its Code of Ethics.

9TH: To consider no personal success legitimate or ethical which is secured by taking unfair advantage of certain opportunities in the social order that are absolutely denied others, nor will I take advantage of opportunities to achieve material success that others will not take because of the questionable morality involved.

10TH: To be not more obligated to a Brother Rotarian than I am to every other man in human society; because the genius of Rotary is not in its competition, but in its co-operation; for provincialism can never have a place in an institution like Rotary, and Rotarians assert that Human Rights are not confined to Rotary Clubs, but are as deep and broad as the race itself; and for these high purposes does Rotary exist to educate all men and all institutions.

11TH: Finally, believing in the universality of the Golden Rule, *all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them*, we contend that Society best holds together when equal opportunity is accorded all men in the natural resources of this planet.

Humanity's Love Story

By Sherwood Snyder

THE great love story of humanity is the tale of man's struggles to find and know his fellow-man, to learn of the inherent goodness of the common life. From the time the human intellect achieved individuality and personality, man has been engaged in the great adventure of solidarity, and the Rotarian spirit is today writing one of the supreme chapters in this narrative that spans the centuries.

The Rotarian spirit is uniting men in a faith and an order that shall endure.

It is a great tidal wave of confidence that is moving upon the face of the earth.

It is beating the sword of violence into a symbol of service.

It is the welding instrument of nations.

It is a great force that is rolling this old world a little nearer heaven.

The Rotarian spirit is one of the most triumphant forces in all the world today, for it is linking the lives of a great body of thinking men more surely and more intimately with the collective life of all. This association is the greatest means we possess in accomplishing universal friendship, and this friendship is mending many of the inharmonious and broken threads of life.

The International Rotary Convention to be held in Belgium next summer will constitute the crowning peace conference of nations. Not that it will concern itself with political peace-making, not that it will attempt to design and draw new boundary lines across the face of the earth, but because it will build deep and high and wide the great structure of universal

friendship, a friendship that begets love.

The fruits of this convention will be better understanding, greater friendship, more generosity, broader tolerance, finer unselfishness, deeper humility, service that seeks no reward, and sweeter charity. Out of these qualities the white, towering structure of centuries of peace will be erected, and the great business in life today is to help bestow upon our progeny an enduring peace.

IT is the privilege and the duty of every Rotarian and every man that is a member of any club that is actuated by the Rotarian spirit to help refine and intensify this great program of friendship and service.

It is better not to live than not to serve; for only by carrying more of the threads of fine human endeavor to the loom of life than one takes away of the fabric that has been woven by the unselfish toil of others, can one be an asset instead of a liability to society.

We must know this life is only part of that without an end, and the better fabric woven means the less there'll be to mend.

The man who has the pockets of his soul filled with the rare coins of service is vastly richer than the man who has devoted himself to the task of filling his trouser pockets with the coins of commerce. One is achieved by high, fine, rare endeavor; it is also entirely possible to achieve the other by the same high order of service.

David Livingston blazed a path of white, glorified service across the Dark Continent and died immensely wealthy in the coins of contentment and universal respect and love.

The world is your stage, humanity is your audience, time is your instrument. Put on a good program.



Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Above are four leaders of Rotary studying their field of operations. The photograph was taken during the meeting of the Board of Directors of Rotary International held in Chicago, January 10 to 15. Left to right: James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Alberta, third vice-president; W. Thompson Elliott, of Leeds, England, director; Harry H. Rogers, of San Antonio, Texas, president; and Marcel Franck, of Paris, France, governor of the Forty-ninth District (France). They are talking of the impending migration of six thousand Rotarians and their families to the convention at Ostend, Belgium, and are probably glad that transportation facilities are different from the side-wheel steamer and the horse-tram shown in the background.

Rotary Responsibilities

An address before the Rotary Club of Chicago

By Harry H. Rogers

President of Rotary International

WE all know something about Rotary; we know what it means when we speak of it in a local sense; we have enjoyed the handclasp of dear friends and the fine fellowship in our own local club; we understand Rotary as we have it in our various communities; but I am wondering how many of us visualize Rotary in its world sense.

As I stand before you today, at my right is Canon William Thompson Elliott, Vicar of Leeds, one of the outstanding men of England; then next to him is the Governor of the District of France, Marcel Franck. Next to him is the Secretary of Rotary in Great Britain and Ireland, Vivian Carter. Seated next to him is James W. Davidson, a member of the Board of Rotary International from Canada. I am indeed amazed at the progress of this thing that we call Rotary around the world, but I am thinking of the time when we shall have Rotary represented in practically every country of the world.

Even today in the Rotary Club of Chicago, you have visiting Rotarians almost weekly from many corners of the world, and when these visitors go back home they carry with them this idea of good fellowship which you foster. They return with an intensified feeling of friendship, developed by their association with you here. So it is with every Rotary club. Each visitor carries away with him some wholesome message that is an influence for good in his own club and in his own community. We are in Rotary for the good we can do. There is no monetary compensation sought or received.

Let me enumerate briefly those things which will enable us further to extend Rotary throughout the world in the proper way; and tell you what we are going to have to do if we are going to make Rotary effective in the world. We must have an understanding sympathy with the peoples of the world. We are going to have to have a vision of world affairs. We are going to have to be determined in our

efforts to extend Rotary. And, fellow-Rotarians, if we are going to have intelligent, sympathetic, wide-awake, energetic development it means that every Rotarian must recognize his responsibility and his relationship to this great movement.

That brings us to a consideration of one of the objects which Rotarians sometimes forget—"the application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life."

I see a bright page written in connection with the business life of the world when I think of the fine relationships that have been established between employer and employee; the fine feeling of comradeship and confidence between competitors; and the fine standards which have been erected by men in business and the advancement of those standards into related businesses. Today we find inquiries coming from many trade and professional associations asking for the standards of practice or codes that have been adopted by other associations.

When I think of the great world achievements along the line of better business practices I am happy to have been a Rotarian and to have had a small part in this great work.

When I think of the civic development in various communities; the playgrounds that have been established; the parks that have been opened up and improved; the crippled children who have been made strong and physically perfect who are going to have a chance in the world; the poor boys and girls who have been given employment part of the time and an opportunity to receive an education; those hundreds of young men and young women who are being aided in receiving an education through student loan funds; when I think of all these things, I am proud of what is being accomplished and tremendously impressed with the possibilities for extended service in this field.

Christmas week I sat as a very humble member of my own Rotary club and heard thirty boys and girls who have been helped along the way by the Rotarians of my city, express their appreciation of what had been done for them, and to me they were a visualization of the thousands that had been given a chance in the world because of the big-heartedness and great vision of Rotarians everywhere. So when I think of all this and of the great community development that has gone forward, I am proud of having had something to do with the writing of this page in Rotary history.

Lastly I want to speak of the influence of Rotary on our individual life.

I am wondering if we have devoted as much time to the development of our individual life as we have been devoting to our business and community life.

I am coming to you with just this query today and I am asking myself as I am asking you: Am I recognizing in my individual life my responsibilities to my God, my country, and my fellow-men? Do we realize that the world is what it is today, because of the fact that we have a belief in a Supreme Being and that we recognize the obligation which we have because of that belief?

Do we as individual Rotarians recognize the fact that we owe an obligation to our country? It does not matter so much what country. I think I could live in any country where the Rotarian banner flies today and be a loyal, upright citizen of that community and discharge the obligations of a citizen.

When the time comes to vote, do we avail ourselves of the opportunity?

Are we performing jury service when called upon?

Do we stand on the side of law, decency, and order?

I do not care how high your standards may be; I do not care what your professions in business and professional life are, if you are just an ordinary "rake" in the community all your protestations will come to nothing.

I think that the time has come in America when we shall ally ourselves on the side of decency, on the side of law, on the side which will mean permanency for the institutions which have been committed into our hands and those institutions which we are going to commit into the hands of those who shall come after us.

The point I am trying to make is that if our institutions shall survive, if our governments are to maintain, it is going to be because men ally themselves on the side of decency.

In my personal relations what is my attitude towards the home, towards the wife in the home that sacrifices for me? What is the attitude towards my children and what is the attitude of the children towards me?

I now close, because as the president of this organization I believe that when the closing time comes every man ought to respect it. I will conclude, therefore, with this question: Are we as individual Rotarians measuring up to the obligation we owe to our God, to our country, and to our community? If not, we should resolve to do so or get out of Rotary and let some man come in who will help to maintain the things that should abide.

2469 Rotary Clubs in 37 Countries

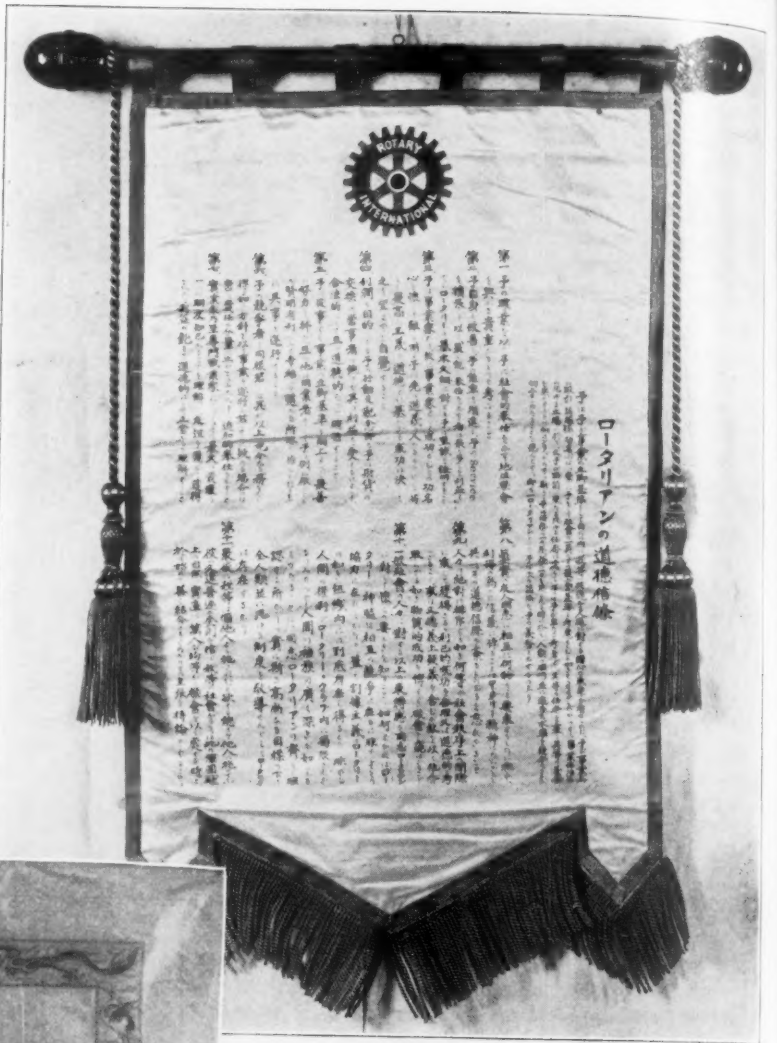
THE organization, and election of the Rotary Club of Bogota, Colombia, on January 13th, marked the thirty-seventh country to enter Rotary's family of nations. There are now a total of 2,469 Rotary clubs (January 17th), organized in thirty-seven countries of the world. The following list gives the number of Rotary clubs in each country, the latter listed in the chronological order of the forming of the first club:

1. United States1,985	12. Japan 5	25. Belgium 6
2. Canada 85	13. Mexico 19	26. Italy 15
3. Great Britain and Ireland 233	14. France 7	27. Bermuda 1
4. Cuba 19	15. Australia 14	28. Chile 2
5. Uruguay 1	16. South Africa 8	29. Switzerland 8
6. Philippine Islands . 1	17. New Zealand 16	30. Guatemala 1
7. China 3	18. Peru 2	31. Czecho-Slovakia ... 1
8. Panama 1	19. Newfoundland 1	32. Austria 1
9. India 1	20. Denmark 2	33. Hungary 1
10. Argentina 3	21. Irish Free State.... 2	34. Portugal 1
11. Spain 9	22. Norway 4	35. Sweden 1
	23. Holland 6	36. Venezuela 1
	24. Brazil 2	37. Colombia 1

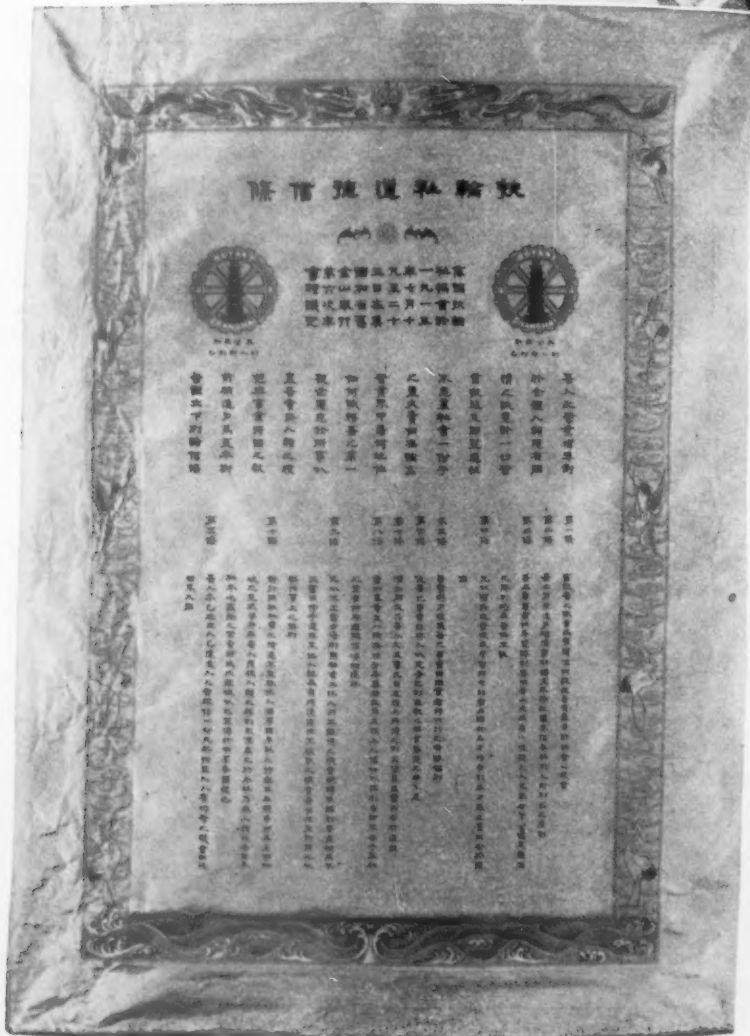
From the Orient to the Occident —and back again.

HISTORY reveals that most ethical movements had their origin in the Orient. The Rotary Code of Ethics illustrates how these ideas have taken hold on the people of the Occident and have returned to the lands of their origin. The Code, formulated in 1914 by J. R. Perkins and his associates, has been translated into many tongues. Recently copies have been made in French, Spanish, Italian and German besides the Oriental versions illustrated on this page. Thus ethical expressions become a sort of rallying point to which men of many creeds can repair.

See also page 4 for the Rotary Code of Ethics in English.



A Japanese copy of the Rotary Code of Ethics prepared under the direction of Tokyo Rotarians and presented to the original Rotary Club at Chicago. The writing is done on a silk banner of artistic design. Since Japanese, like Chinese, is a language with thousands of characters, the translation was no simple task.



At left—A copy of the Rotary Code of Ethics in Chinese, also done on a silken scroll with a colorful design of dragons, storks, and clouds. Copies were distributed to Chinese Rotarians, who had them framed and hung beside the English version, and the copy from which this illustration was made was sent to Chicago Rotary by the Shanghai club. Start your reading at the top right-hand corner and follow the vertical columns!

Brothers of the Four Seas

Reflections Upon Oriental and Occidental Attitudes

By J. R. Perkins

One of the authors of the Rotary
Code of Ethics

IN its ethical teaching Rotary is a return of the West upon the East. In its ethical origin Rotary is no more Occidental than Bolshevism is Canadian.

In December I visited the headquarters of the Chicago Rotary Club and its secretary showed me the Rotary Code of Ethics in the Chinese language, printed on a beautiful piece of silk and wonderfully embroidered. I also learned that the code has been translated into Japanese and similarly printed on embroidered silk. Paul Harris was with me that day, and we not only praised the exquisite workmanship, but spoke of the significance of the translation. Upon reaching my home and thinking about this article that the editors had asked me to write, I finally concluded that the translation into Chinese and Japanese of the Rotary Code of Ethics was both natural and inevitable, for the ethical idealism of the code originated in the East and not in the West. So this is my reason for saying that the ethics of Rotary is a return of the West upon the East.

I used to wonder if the Oriental mind could assimilate the ethics of Rotary. Today I am wondering if we of the West can assimilate Rotary and endure the white light of its teaching. The Eastern trained mind is perfectly at home in the Rotary Code of Ethics, for its idealism has been a part of Eastern philosophy for thirty centuries.

All of the great ethical movements of mankind have been from East to West. This accounts for the origin of all living religions in the East, for in their formative period these religions were ethical and social movements. Now a great social movement, predicated on the loftiest ethical idealism, and redeemed from the grosser forms of materialism, finally lifts to a faith.

There are several historic precedents. This happened to Judaism, to Christianity, and to Confucianism, and in a lesser way, to Buddhism. It did not happen to Socialism because it ignored the spiritual urge in man and stressed materialism while denouncing it. Socialism failed to lift to a religion because it tacitly denied the dictum, "Man can not live by bread alone."

It has been the genius of the East to originate ethical codes by which men must live; it is the genius of the West to organize these codes and propagate them. Whatever ethical preachment we in America may have conveyed to

Europe or to Asia first originated in Asia and developed in Europe when America was a wilderness. The so-called Mediterranean peoples and the Alpines were writing ethical codes when the Nordics were but little removed from savagery. So we are not surprising the East, nor even Europe, with a new ethical code; if they are surprised at all it is because Rotarians seem so earnest about ethical standards, whereas they have always believed that we were wedded to materialism. The surprise in both instances is salutary and its auguries most happy. Europe and Asia see in Rotary the growth of a great force behind a great ideal. The question is, do American Rotarians see where Rotary's ethical principles inevitably lead? I confess that I do not know whether we do or not. But I do know that the Rotary Code of Ethics is charged with spiritual and social dynamite. In the hands of a mob it would lead to revolution; in the hands of thoughtful men it will lead to international reconstruction.

And it is in the hands of thoughtful men; of men who lead constructive lives; of men who have faith in love. It is not without significance that Rotary is a movement from the top. Its adherents are leaders in almost all the great cities of the world.

"MY business standards shall have in them a note of sympathy for our common humanity. My business dealings, ambitions and relations shall always cause me to take into consideration my highest duties as a member of society. In every position in business life, in every responsibility that comes before me, my chief thought shall be to fill that responsibility and discharge that duty so when I have ended each of them, I shall have lifted the level of human ideals and achievements a little higher than I found it."

—Preamble to the Rotary
Code of Ethics.

I doubt if those best acquainted with Rotary know whither it is tending. From without, its critics are prophesying. For example, one recently has said that Rotary is in a fair way to become a religion. Well, if it does it will but follow several historic precedents. Judaism and Christianity, as has already been inferred, are notable examples of religions evolving from ethical and social movements. That Rotary was a sort of social protest in the first year of its history is evidenced by the utterances of many of its early leaders. At any rate, many of the men prominently identified with Rotary from about 1908 down to the beginning of the World War, voiced social discontent through the medium of Rotary. Rotary, to these earlier groups, was a movement that would lead the way to many social changes—a movement that was a compromise between a mild form of Socialism and social opportunism.

THE insurgent tendencies in the social order of fifteen years ago proved a rich sub-soil for the growth of Rotary. But the men of insurgent tendencies of fifteen years ago are now close to fifty, or beyond; they have won places for themselves; they have come to see that many social theories of two decades ago are not vital to the growth and development of the state; and they have come to accept the more constructive way. And right here do we mark a definite point of departure in Rotary—its present tendencies toward religious expression.

The writer has been listening in on a great deal of "Rotary broadcasting" since 1920. The ethical expressions of a few years ago have given place to a religious vocabulary. Even making due allowance that Rotary is proving an emotional outlet for many whose early idealism has been choked by their materialistic predilections, it yet remains true that an increasing number of strong types have turned to Rotary as the fulfillment of sincere spiritual longings. Where will this lead? Did Paul Harris and his co-workers give impetus to a movement that is to become a faith? The future holds the answer, but the present marks a definite tendency.

In the first place the ethical preachments of Rotary, like the ethical preachments found in the great religions, are basically religious feelings. Service, justice, good-will, unselfishness, and

sacrifice are strong words in the vocabulary of Rotary. They are strong words in Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, and Christianity. In the second place the international aspects of Rotary lead inevitably to an international faith. Racial divergencies become quite faint in Rotary. Partisan feeling in politics, state religions, and all purely local and racial manifestations, diminish in Rotary. Rotary is giving men a new feeling for one another. International good-will inheres in Rotary. It is inescapable.

It is precisely at this point that Rotary may become more than an ethical creed. For Rotary gives hope and hope begets faith and the twain give birth to love, and these three have always been basic in religion. Moreover, it would seem that men of all nations are finding something in Rotary that they have not found in older social and religious organizations—something they have yearned for as fellowship, sympathy, helpfulness, good-will, and all apart from racial animosities, prejudice, and the aims of the partisan.

So, in vain may we say that Rotary exists to give content and meaning to other and to older movements and organizations—Rotary, without either the wish or the effort on our part may become, not a contribution to the aims of older groups, but a creative force that will lift to a faith. This happened to Buddhism and the lesser known faith of Jainism, which is a religion of the merchant class of India. And it happened to Christianity, whose original aim seems simply to have been a finer Judaism. Men may launch a movement but these same men can no more control its direction than can the sailor the ship that is rudderless.

Consider Rotary's kinship to the ethical and spiritual content of old religions. The ethical teachings of Buddha reveal a striking kinship to the ethics of all religions. "The man who is angry and bears hatred, who harms living beings, who speaks falsely, who exalts himself and despises others—let one know him as an outcast," says Buddha. He also made it clear that the Hindu caste system was a false standard by which to judge men. He made it clear that a man must be judged in terms of moral character; by the beauty of his character and by his freedom from unjust deeds. "Not in the sky, not in the midst of the sea, not if we enter into the clefts of the mountains is there known a spot where a man might be freed of his deeds."

To Buddha the sin of selfishness is the greatest of evil. "First banish every ground of self. This thought of self shades every lofty good aim, even as the ashes that conceal the fire, treading on which the foot is burned." In

1912, Paul Harris in defining Rotary said, "Rotary is but a step in the evolution of humanity and in the emancipation of a man from the exactions of unceasing servitude to self." Rotary also knows no caste system. Ethically, the real Buddhist should understand Rotary.

CONFUCIANISM is perhaps more a system of ethics than it is a religion. It is in this ancient system of ethics that the race has learned basic principles of right relations. The superior man in Confucian ethics is the man who does not do to others what he does not want done to himself. It may be said that Confucian ethics did not foresee the problems of a modern world, like internationalism and industrialism—which is true. But the ethical principles of the golden rule in Confucianism knows neither time nor space. It has been a true principle for human guidance from the dawn of man's appearance on the earth. It would be a true principle on any planet in the universe where men existed; consequently, it is the guiding principle for all men in modern relations. One can not help but quote here from the last paragraph in the Rotary Code of Ethics, "Finally believing in the universality of the golden rule . . ."

Once upon a time a disciple came to Confucius and asked, "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life." To which Confucius replied, "Is it not reciprocity? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others." And once upon a time a disciple came to Jesus and asked, "Which is the greatest commandment in the law?" And Jesus replied "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart and thy neigh-

bor as thyself." Both Jesus and Confucius found the whole duty of man to be in reciprocal relations. "All within the four seas are brothers," said Confucius. Jesus said "All ye are brethren." Rotary, in the tenth paragraph of the Code of Ethics, says, "Not to be more obligated to a brother Rotarian than I am to every other man of society." So expands the golden chain.

Shintoism, the national religion of Japan, predicated on emperor-worship and nature-worship, manifested definite ethical tendencies in its later developments. In the earlier history of Japan, according to one of Shintoism's greatest historians and interpreters, there was no ethical system because the social order did not require any, being predicated on justice and good will. However, in the later history of Shintoism—about the twelfth century, an ethical group evolved—one that stressed self-sacrifice, benevolence, justice and self-control.

In the Orient it has long been held that any elaborate ethical code is the result of a lack of ethical practice in a nation, and that a people whose relations with one another are equitable need no ethical code.

In this philosophy there may be an echo of the prophets of Judaism who sought to simplify all elaborated ethical and religious codes and rituals by saying "What doth the Lord require but that thou shouldst love justice and pursue it." And speaking of Judaism, its ethics are pronounced. At random one might quote, "Let justice run down as the waters and righteousness as the mighty stream." In the prophets of Judaism one comes upon the finest ethical understanding of all the older nations.

In the teaching of Zoroaster ethical idealism is also pronounced. The Zoroastrian scriptures enjoin, "Good thoughts, good words, good deeds." In this simple ethical system of a religion that had a marked influence on Christianity, there is to be found all that is fundamental in Rotary International.

But what Rotary will probably continue to do will be to stimulate its adherents to be better men within the older forms. It is doing this today. It seeks to create no new faith, but to stimulate and give content to older ones. It shames the partisan spirit whether in politics, religion or racial pride. Perhaps it comes to unify great beliefs and push them to new power. If Rotary shall hush strife between the nations and between the religions, and if it shall teach all men the noble art of working together—and these are its aims—then Rotary will justify its existence and go down in history as one of the greatest healers of the old hurts upon the soul of humanity.

Rotary Into Germany

GERMANY will have Rotary clubs this fall according to plans made by the Board of Rotary International in session at Chicago, January 13th. Various German cities will be surveyed, according to the Rotary custom, in order to determine those in which the clubs will be first organized. When these cities have been determined upon the organization work will proceed which will doubtless bring Rotary clubs into existence in Germany during the autumn of the current year.

Mr. Pepys at the Rotary Club

By Arthur Melville

JANUARY 12th. This day to the gathering of Chicago Rotary men at the Sherman tavern, five of us in a coach, and very merry notwithstanding we had scarce space to sit by reason of our heavy cloaks. A deal of dirty snow in the streets and the going very treacherous nathless we met with no mischance by the way. This being a great day with the Rotarians for that their international president would speak I was pleased that I had my blue cloak which sets handsomely though a great expence to me. And Lord! to see the presse of folk in the city, how they regard not the red lights but risk life and limb to save two seconds the which they will not use to any great advantage. Sundrie drivers also very careless and I was glad when the traffick officer spake sternly saying, "Well, what a fine first of April art thou!"

So presently unto the tavern where there was a great crowd, and I did well understand how some folk think that Rotary is a religion for there was no lack of tonsured heads among these sturdy burghers—no, nor of chins either, some having four by my reckoning. Still it was a goodly company and we were made right welcome. And I did note that each visiting Rotarian gat him a large card with a red edge which with the big badges of home members and the yellow streamers of guests made a fine display, and thus labelled we sought a place.

Now had I leisure to observe the meeting-place a little and it hath much gilding after the French fashion but because of the occasion there were other displays also. High in the alcoves around the balcony were set Christmas trees which methought appropriate for surely an evergreen is a good sign of the New Year. And above the speakers' table there was a great umbrella of divers hues which I learned was sent by the Rotarians of Nagoya, Japan, and behind it were ranged six little green Japanese lanterns which lent a delicate colour.

After grace by the Rev. Canon Elliott, who hath the most pugnacious jaw of any parson I ever saw, we fell to meat. A dish of roast beef with vegetables, whereat I was relieved, for it was a change from the eternal filet mignon which one doth expect at banquets. And we ate swiftly, knowing that those slow in the uptake get not fed. Meanwhile the throng continued so presently the room was all filled and many stood without.

Now up rose the club president and called on the visiting members to stand that they might be welcomed. And he said how the Chicago club was lucky in the number of its visitors and the number of officials who came there. Then called on Ches Perry to introduce the throng at the head table which was done with alacrity and a loud voice, for

it is no small effort to be heard in that assembly and the trumpets which do carry words they were full of static that day so ever and anon there was a squawk like unto a dying hen.

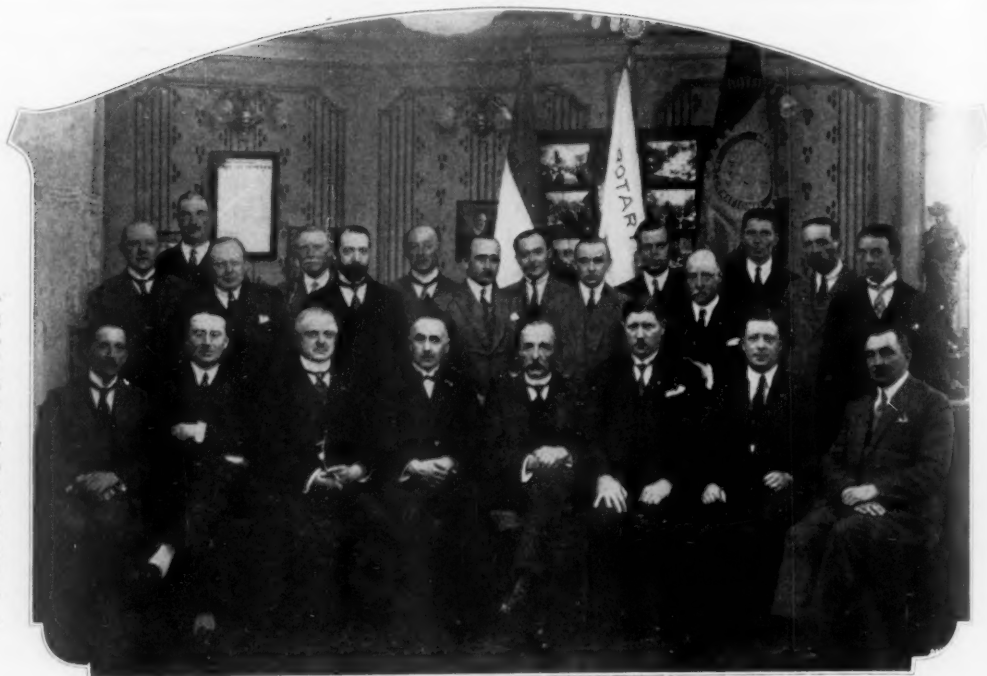
Then we were bidden to arise and haul our little gilt chairs closer for better hearing. And this we did several times so that by a series of rushes I got me a very good place down in front where I could hear all that passed. And they took a picture of the notables, viz. Marcel Franck, Canon Elliott, Vivian Carter, Paul Harris, President Rogers, and some fifteen more, they facing the flashlight right bravely while the photographer took two shots for surety, and they took names on the spot—an excellent plan which saveth a man from losing his identity.

THEN came the introduction of he whom Ches had purposely omitted since he was the chief speaker. The international president hath a square figure and a broad brow and holdeth many posts in divers corporations as was duly set forth. He speaks with his head aslant like a sparrow and he talketh with great fluency and emphasis, so the reporters were hard pressed to keep pace. He hath a sonorous voice but makes no gestures, choosing rather to let his words carry of their own weight and momentum. All rose to greet him with applause and again at the ending which was a mete tribute. His discourse based on a saying of Webster's "The law has protected us, we should dignify it" and he said that Rotarians must align themselves on the side of permanency and maintain the institutions of their respective lands, that while he could live happily in any of those countries where Rotary exists a man must be a good citizen before he could contribute to a cosmopolitan understanding. He thought the world was what it was because we recognized character and the application implied thereby, and urged that we apply Rotary in our dealings so we render proper service to home, city, and country.

And indeed it is very true, for law and order should be preserved. None the less there is also an implication that laws must be just and reasonable otherwise the populace will revolt, and here lieth the great responsibility of Parliaments that they do more than chatter like so many jackdaws.

So to the office, well pleased at so good a discourse, and I would that more men could so realize their responsibility for there is much naughtiness abroad as one may read in the publick prints, and daily men perish needlessly yet there is nothing done. And I resolved that I would buy my wife a new hat this Easter—and indeed she will likely bring me to it whether I will or no.

What more appropriate than to start a "Rotary Travelog with Ostend? This photograph shows a part of the membership of the Ostend Rotary club, hosts to the next convention. Fifth from the left in the front row is President Albert Bouchery, head of the host-club executive committee.

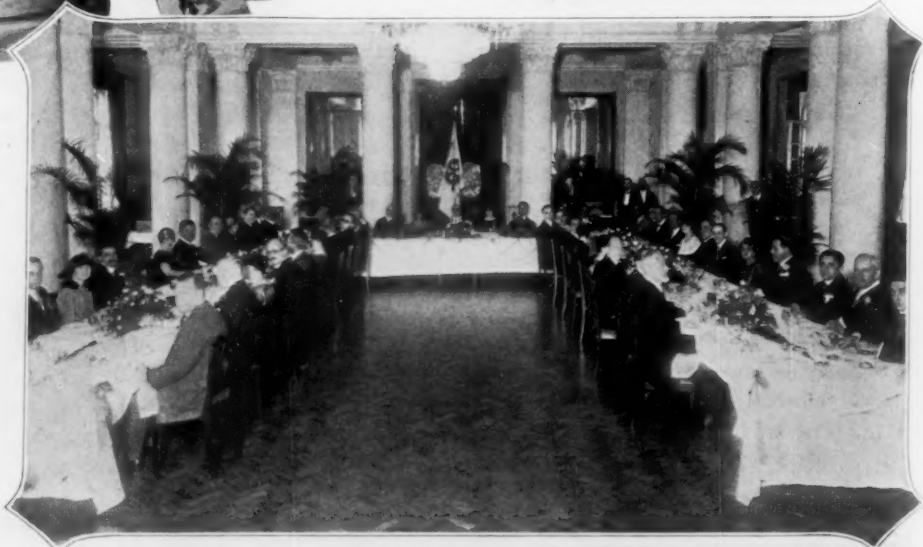


A Girdle of Service



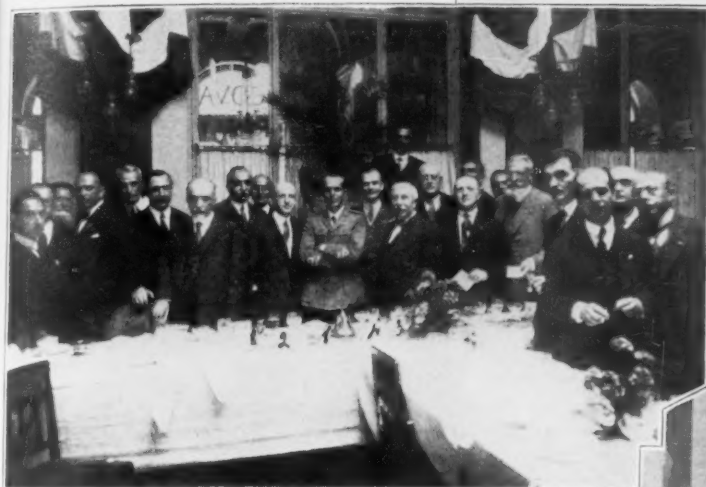
This table-piece appears at every meeting of the Rotary Club of South Bend, Indiana, and is designed to impress the new member with the cosmopolitan character of Rotary.

Here we look in upon the Rotary Club of Rio de Janeiro at a special evening dinner at the Hotel Gloria. Organized in 1922, the Rio club is finding many opportunities for community service.



ROTARIANS of thirty-seven nations are demonstrating the workableness of the principle that "He profits most who serves best." The theory that the business man and the professional man cannot afford to remain passive in matters of community and world interest is thus being given wholesale demonstration. Insofar as Rotary assists a man to correct his own omissions and helps him to better appreciate his responsibilities to his home, to his community, his country, and to the world, it has the possibilities of a revolution in human behavior. While these possibilities are evolving, Rotarians in various countries are content to do the task at hand—as shown in the "Rotary Travelog" on this and following pages.

At right—This group of smiling lads accepted an invitation from the Rotarians of Montevideo, Uruguay, who take considerable interest in the leisure-time recreations of the junior members of the community. The local Rotary club has about forty members and was organized in 1918.



At left—General Umberto Nobile (in uniform) was the guest of honor at this meeting of Milan (Italy) Rotarians. He is standing between District Governor Piero Pirelli (at left) and the club president Pietro Soldini, (right). Immediately behind General Nobile and President Soldini is James Henderson, Past District Governor. General Nobile, commander of the airship "Norge," which made the transpolar flight, is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Naples.

At right—Here we have the Rotarians of Panama City, whose picture (they assert) has never appeared in these pages before. In front (left to right) are Melville L. Cordua, president of Panama Rotary; Major General William Lassiter, U. S. A., who was in command in the Canal Zone for two years; and Miss Lorraine Foster, a well-known singer, who was also a guest of the club.



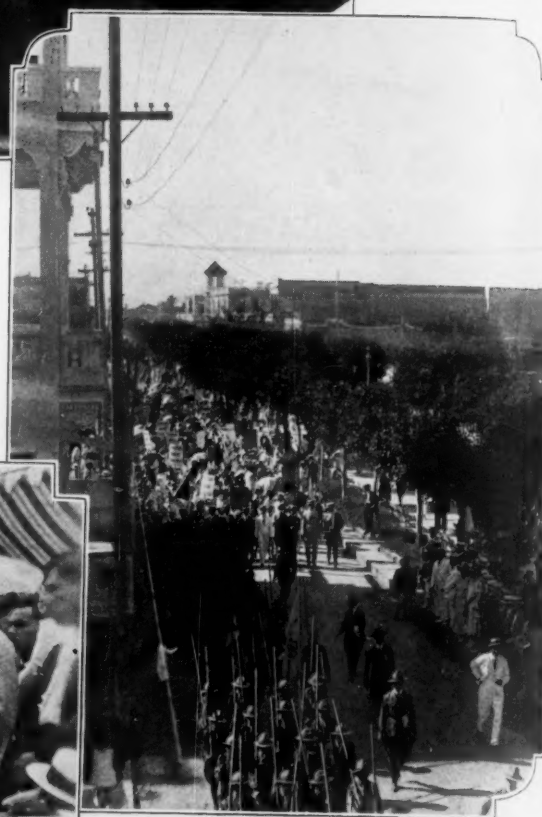
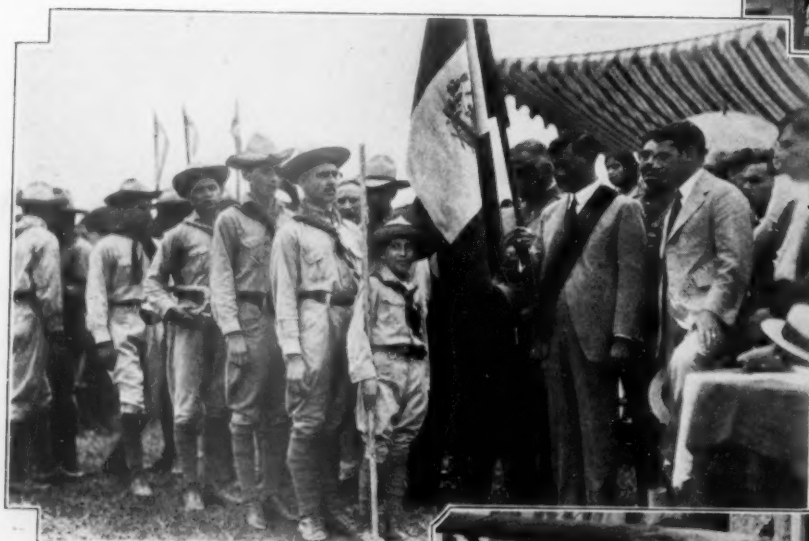
At left—Boys from British schools were entertained by the Rotarians of Melbourne, Australia, when they reached the Antipodes in the course of a tour of the world. The Australian clubs have shown their interest in boys by various methods; Boy's Week each year is made a special event. There are fourteen Rotary clubs in the island continent.





Left — Although postponed for nearly a year because of disorganized transport due to a civil war in which Peking was captured once and Tientsin twice, this meeting of Rotarians from the two cities was finally held. Sixteen members made the eighty-mile trip from Tientsin. Common problems of the two cities was the main topic for discussion.

Below—The mayor of Vera Cruz, Mexico, Sr. Miguel Mechel, holds the banner of his country while Boy Scouts pledge their allegiance. Besides boys work the Mexican Rotarians have made a success of many other club activities, including a special meeting of the club recently broadcasted over Station CYE at Mexico City and picked up generally throughout Cuba and Southern United States.



Above—Boy Scouts of Cienfuegos, Cuba, turn out for a civic parade. Cuban Rotarians have done much for the organization and support of Scout troops, besides promoting other junior achievement activities.

At right—Shanghai Rotarians gave one of the sixty cottages for the first model village to be built by the Y. M. C. A. in China. This settlement is at Pootung, a factory district near the city. Dr. Rufus Jones, chairman of the American Friends' Service Committee is here shown laying the cornerstone of the main building in the village.

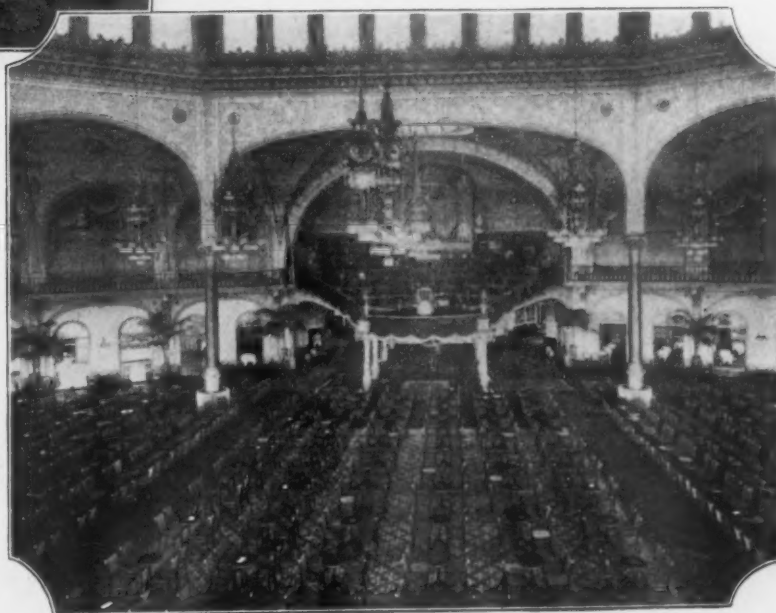




Above—Rotarians of Woodstock, Ontario, entertain a group of underprivileged boys each Saturday evening. About sixty-five boys gather for gymnasium practice, a swim, luncheon and the short talk given by a business man. Many enjoy two weeks at the Rotary summer camp and other outings arranged by the club.



At left—President John Basberg of Oslo (Norway) Rotary Club pinning the emblem on Captain Roald Amundsen who accepted honorary membership in the club. In the background are photographs of Amundsen's expeditions in the Arctic and Antarctic, and his transpolar flight in the airship "Norge."



It is fitting that we should begin and end this "Rotary Travelog" at Ostend, 1927 Rotary Convention city. This is a new picture of the magnificent concert hall in the Kursaal, showing the orchestra stand and the great organ in the background. Instrumental music and community singing of a high order will be important items of the Convention program.

Father

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrations by R. M. Brinkerhoff

QUITE early in the morning on the first Monday in August Mrs. Murch brought the automobile around to the cottage and tooted the horn several times to let Mr. Murch know she was ready to take him to the station, and Mr. Murch came out on the porch with his small gladstone bag. As he stood on the porch he was a remarkably fine figure of a businessman ready for his week's work, refreshed by a week-end at the lake. He set down the bag while he drew on his light top-coat. Doris and Dorothy had gone down to the car and were standing there waiting to say goodby to him, and perhaps to give their mother some errand to do at the station village, but Ted stood near his father.

"I can carry your bag down," Ted said.

"No; it's too heavy for you," Mr. Murch said.

"I can carry it, papa," Ted said, picking up the bag.

The bag was pretty well loaded and it made Ted bend sideways to lift it but he started for the steps in a one-sided sort of way with the bag bumping against his right leg.

"Put that bag down!" ordered Mr. Murch sternly. "Didn't you hear me say it was too heavy for you? When I say a thing I mean it; don't you know that?"

"Yes, sir," said Ted meekly.

"Then I want you to obey me when I say a thing," said Mr. Murch. "And listen to me—I want you to be a good boy this week, do you understand that? You do what your mother tells you to do."

"Yes, sir; I will," said Ted.

"All right; see that you do!" said Mr. Murch.

He turned to the boy and Ted threw his arms around his father's neck and

hugged him hard, kissing him on the cheek, and Mr. Murch kissed the boy.

"That's plenty," he said, standing erect again. "I've got to go."

He picked up the gladstone and started down to the car and Ted went at his side. Mr. Murch kissed the girls and got into the car, and Mrs. Murch put her foot on the starter, which grated efficiently. The motor took hold.

"Oh, one minute!" Mr. Murch exclaimed. "Ted, go up to my bedroom and get that book I was reading; the red-covered book, 'Ethics in Business,' Hustle, now!"

The boy leaped away like an eager dog. He loped up the long incline to the porch steps, took the steps two at a time and presently was rushing back with the book in his hand.

"Thanks!" his father said and Mrs. Murch started the car and presently it was lost to sight behind the trees. The two girls stood waving their hands until the car went out of sight but as soon as the car started Ted was



"As Mr. Murch gazed at the boy through the glasses a surge of remorse swept his heart. . . ."



"Mr. Murch was very quick and only one leg went into the water."

on his way to unchain his dog and that was the last the family saw of him until lunch time. He felt considerable relief that his father had gone to the city again; his mother was not nearly as masterful. When his father was about he felt that he had a master who must be obeyed, an autocrat whose word was law. His mother was different; with her he often argued questions of obedience and sometimes won. When his father said a thing it had to be done, but with his mother he was able to interpose reasons.

"Wear your Mackinac jacket, Ted," she would say.

"Aw, mother! Mother, I don't have to, do I? It's going to be hot—I know it's going to be hot—it's always hot when there's a fog first, mother."

"I don't want you to take a cold."

"Aw, mother, I won't take a cold! I want to go to the top of Mount Laurel with Joe, mother, and when it gets hot I'll just have to carry that old coat. I don't have to take it, do I?"

"Well—" Mrs. Murch would say doubtfully.

"It's always colder down here than it is up there. I don't have to take it, do I mother?"

"Well, all right; you needn't take it," she would say, "but don't take a cold."

When his father said "Wear your coat," he wore his coat. When his father said "Eat your beans," he ate his beans. When his father said "Go to bed," he went to bed. His father was that kind of father; when he said a thing Ted obeyed him.

Ted was like most boys—he loved his mother but he admired his father. His father was a man but his mother,

do the best she might, could be nothing but a woman. You love mothers but you admire fathers and are a little afraid of them all the while because they are autocrats and old and go out among men and are, in short, men among men. And men, when you come down to it, are men.

That week at Mr. Murch's particular lunch club the speaker was a remarkably fine man who had an important message to deliver and who delivered it in a telling way. He talked about sons and about fathers and about the influence of the father on the son, and he spoke with regret of the fact that fathers do not play with sons as much as they might. As a matter of fact many of the men at the luncheon felt, by the time Mr. Ganby ended his talk, that the most important thing in the world was for fathers to play with their sons. If the men at the luncheon had not been men they would undoubtedly have wept tumultuously to

think how they had refrained from playing with their sons when they might have been doing so, and many an exporter-heart and wholesale-hardware-heart swelled with emotion and resolved to do better in the future. Mr.

Murch's heart was a white-goods-commission-broker-and-banker-specializing-in-sheet-ing-heart and it swelled more or less, as it was expected to swell, but that afternoon Mr. Murch had an important deal on hand and his heart unswelled rapidly as he went back to the office and he forgot all about the importance of playing with his son until about three o'clock Saturday afternoon when he was sitting on the porch of the cottage at Laurel Lake, with Dorothy lying in the hammock and Mrs. Murch and Doris out of sight at the beach beyond the trees. On the table at Mr. Murch's side lay a pair of field-glasses with their long shoulder strap—glasses of the sort known as "bird-glasses." Mrs. Murch was interested in birds. Mr. Murch picked up the glasses idly and focussed them on the spot where the little brook ended its meandering through the swamp and joined the lake.

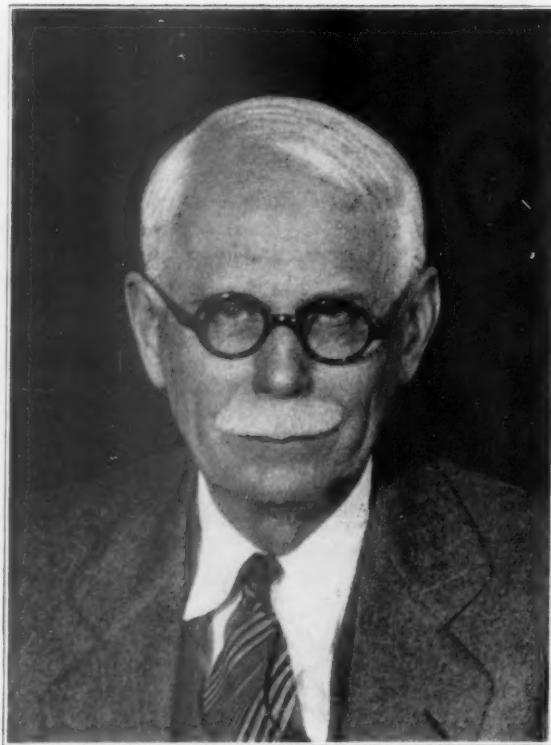
Crouched down on a moss-covered log to which he must have waded through mud knee deep, Ted sat on his haunches holding a beech whip over the water and from the tip of the whip hung a thread. All alone out there on the log Ted was fishing with a pin for a hook and a minor fraction of a worm for bait. He was fishing for "shiners" as long as his finger.

As Mr. Murch gazed at the boy through the glasses a surge of remorse swept his heart. He remembered what Mr. Ganby had said, but it had needed this sight of his lonely and neglected little boy to bring Mr. Ganby's words sharply home to him. He saw Ted move slightly to ease his cramped

(Continued on page 56)



"... He saw Ted move slightly to ease his cramped knees ... then try this place and that place but caught no fish."



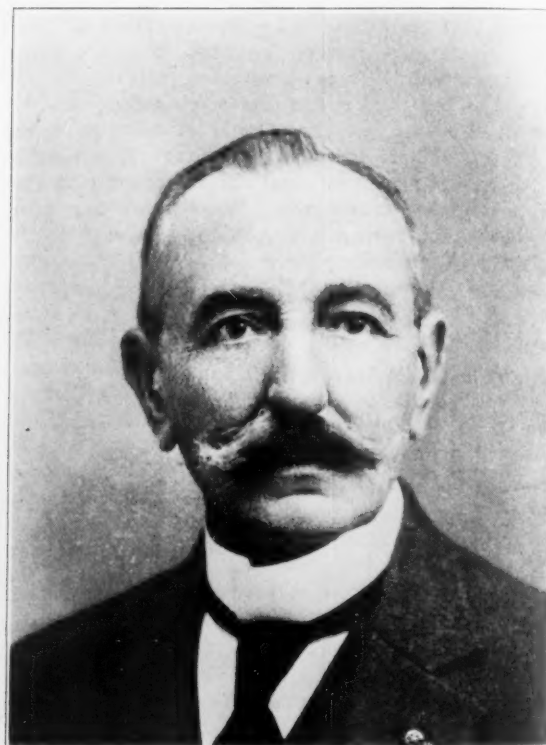
THOMAS ARKLE CLARK, Urbana, Ill.



DR. C. T. WANG, Peking, China



W. J. O'CALLAGHAN, Nashville, Tenn.



ALBERT BOUCHERY, Ostend, Belgium

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Thomas Arkle Clark celebrated his 25th anniversary as dean of men at the University of Illinois; was given a banquet, presented with 600 letters of appreciation from friends in all parts of the world; said that the younger generation hated humbug, feared ridicule, was better than its predecessors.

His Excellency Dr. C. T. Wang, twice Minister of Foreign Affairs for China, was for some time Acting Premier. After his graduation from Yale, he was a leader in the revolution of 1911, became Vice-Speaker of the Senate, was a delegate to the Paris Peace

Conference and helped to negotiate Shantung rehabilitation agreements. He is an honorary member of Peking Rotary, equally well-known to native Chinese and to foreign residents.

W. J. O'Callaghan, postmaster of Nashville, Tennessee, sought public cooperation through speeches, writings, a pageant; has achieved much. Now only 22 per cent of Nashville's mail reaches the postoffice after 6 p.m., compared with 50 per cent to 70 per cent in most large postoffices. Christmas mail poured in steadily—did not come as a deluge. A graduate of the Medical School of the University of

Tennessee, Dr. O'Callaghan brings scholarship to a position commonly understood as routine, prosaic; once during an epidemic of influenza, he left his office and went out to help heal the sick.

Albert Bouchery, president of the Rotary Club of Ostend, and his colleague John Bauwens, past president, both received the "Cross of Officer of the Order of Leopold" from their king in recognition of their work for public welfare. M. Bouchery heads the host-club executive committee for the coming convention of Rotary International.



A boatload of Chinese students arriving at Seattle—and so young China comes to America. Each fall finds many such groups landing at New York, Seattle, and San Francisco, each young man and young woman bent upon obtaining a higher education under the tutelage of Western learning and customs. A few years later will find them back in their homeland as business and professional men, teachers in the universities, or holding responsible government posts. Each is a potential link in the chain of international friendship and good-will.

Educated Birds of Passage

By Arthur A. Young

HAVE you ever noticed the annual migration on the American campus?

In early autumn variegated flocks of students from all parts of the world eagerly land at San Francisco, Seattle, New York, perch querulously for a moment, and then head quietly for the wooded retreats of learning in the interior, where they feed, play, and build castles for four or five years.

Then late the following spring, armed with badges of merit, they heed the call back home, sing "good-bye" to their Alma Mater, flap their educated wings, and sail out of the Golden Gate or under the shadow of the Statue of Liberty to join their companions across the seas and tell of their adventures in America.

What tales do they take back? Do they tell of pleasant deeds or American greed? Do they harp on American prejudice or advocate her spirit of fair-play, sportsmanship, co-operation? Do they boost militarism or are they new recruits for peace and goodwill among nations?

Consider further the student within your gates!

Do you know that he totals about 15,000 from more than 100 nations of the world? Germany, in her hey-day in the late eighties, was the scholars' haven, but today America is the strongest magnet for migrating students. France is next, then Germany, then Great Britain.

The war put America on the map as a student capital—the greatest capital of the kind in educational history. America little realizes what it means to be an international schoolmaster; what a responsibility, what a challenge to train the men and women destined to become world leaders. In such students, Rotary has a rare opportunity for advancing its Sixth Object.

It is a long time since Francisco de Miranda, the first foreign student to America and one of the revolutionary trinity of Venezuela and Columbia, studied at Yale in 1784. He was followed by Yung Wing, the pioneer student from China, and Joseph Hardy

Neesima, founder of Doshida University in Japan.

Today the roll-call of student birds of passage in America reads like a blue book of nations. They hail from Albania, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia in Europe; Burma, Ceylon, Siam in Asia; Panama; Paraguay, Peru in South America! Such hidden outposts as Palestine, Iceland, Isle of Cyprus, Marshall Islands are not to be forgotten. All the religions of the world—from Brahminism to Zoroastrianism—are represented. All the Christian churches—from Greek Orthodox to Quaker—have followers.

These students are scattered in groups from 1 to 443 in 400 centers of learning. Each comes with peculiarities of language, custom, religion, tradition, dress, history. Each is an actual stranger to Western contacts, for it is his first visit to the United States.

But abroad he has heard of American tradition and culture. If he is a Syrian, he may have studied at the American University at Beirut; if a Turk,

at Roberts College at Constantinople; if a Greek, at the International College at Smyrna; if a Hindu, at the American College at Madura.

He has enjoyed American movies, seen pictures of her skyscrapers, read stories of her scientific wonders. Missionaries have painted America as a great Christian country where liberty is a heritage and opportunities for self-help and study are plentiful. With such glowing colors in mind, he arrives.

Unlike his pioneers, he receives a royal welcome. If he embarks at Manhattan, the Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students takes him in tow. If at Seattle or San Francisco, the local Chamber of Commerce is host. He is met at port and driven to his hotel, where a complimentary luncheon awaits him. He is shown the sights, given help in getting railroad tickets and checking baggage. As he steps aboard the train, a wire is sent to Chambers of Commerce in important cities, as Chicago, through which he will pass, in order that further courtesies may be extended.

First impressions are lasting, and the student stranger treasures this bit of international goodwill as a souvenir. It is the first step in liberating his rock-ribbed mind. But that is not all! His four years are filled with other

kaleidoscopic contacts. He is happily received on the campus, where he sees the poor student working his way through college and honored with important positions in the student body. He is impressed.

YEARLY the Chamber of Commerce at San Francisco gives a dinner to all foreign students graduating from colleges in the Bay District. The Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce holds a similar "feed" in which the American business man and the foreign student are seated alternately. Rotary clubs are frequent hosts at noonday lunches.

After homage is paid to chefs, the chairman raps for attention, and the Sixth objective of Rotary is due for a round. Have you ever studied the faces of your guests at these meetings? Did you catch the glad eye as faulty notions were corrected and right pictures painted of conditions abroad? Did you feel the international touch they imparted? And how many of you discovered unsuspected interests in some foreign land as a result of friendship with one or more students from overseas?

Being alert, the foreign student is often critical. An American traveler, who met a brilliant Hindu on his way back home, asked how he liked Amer-

ica. The Hindu replied: "I came to America a Christian. I go back a Hindu." Here he saw materialism; he was spiritual. Here he saw divorce; he was devoted to home. Here he saw drinking; his scriptures forbade it!

The finer phases of American life, like all good things, are hidden under the surface. Unless the student stranger is given a chance to burrow, he returns to his country disillusioned and often skeptical. Color, inadequate English, economic pressure, natural shyness sap his initiative.

In this connection the plan at Boston on behalf of the foreign student is significant. Here a conscious effort is made to introduce him to American homes, where he absorbs an idea of the deeper human and spiritual motives of the American people as contrasted to the impersonal side which he gets at the barber shop, the restaurant, the stores. Here he learns the real American point of view, and thus forms a bond of friendship between America and other nations.

The value is prominently instanced in Japan. During the outbreak of anti-American agitation in Tokyo and of anti-Japanese legislation in California, the returned students from America exercised a potent influence in counteract-

(Continued on page 48)



In a few years this group of Wellesley students (1926-27) will have graduated and returned home, approximately three of every four to become teachers in the colleges and universities. Their influence for international friendliness will depend upon their favorable or unfavorable impressions of America. Left to right standing—Sarola Ghose (India), Nora P. Hanna (Ireland), Helena M. Bilinska (Poland), Natasha Hoershelman (Russia), Elsa Feichtinger (Austria), Ismene H. Andoniou (Greece), Anne M. Ardant (French). Kneeling, left to right—Gertrud Gunther (Germany), Fouki Wooyenaka (Japan), Sumiye Seo (Japan), Lola Hoershelman (Russia); Li Ying Shen (China).

"Growth Is the Only Evidence of Life"

By Leonard T. Skeggs

Chairman of the Classifications Committee of
Rotary International

EXPERIENCE has proved the soundness of Cardinal Newman's oft-quoted expression, "Growth is the only evidence of life." Organizations, whether they be business corporations, or social institutions, grow or die. A business which only attempts to hold its own from year to year, never succeeds in doing even that. Give it time and it ends in failure or dissolves itself in thin air. Dry-rot is not a pleasant term but it accurately characterizes those institutions which refuse to grow. In every enterprise of life a certain growth and a reasonable amount of new blood is imperative.

All agree that to be an effective, purposeful, and useful organization a Rotary club must be representative of all of the honorable business and professional life of the community. The programs of business methods, community service, etc., are effective in proportion to the degree in which they are allowed contact with the entire business and professional life existing within the territorial limits of the club. Hence a Rotary club must always be on the lookout to establish contacts with the expanding interests of the community.

To some the principle of Classification has appeared solely as a restrictive feature of Rotary. Has the time not come when all Rotary can regard Classification in its larger aspects? Let us view it not a selfish principle by which certain personal friends are excluded from membership, but as the vehicle which guarantees that all of our business and professional life shall be exposed to the ideals of Rotary.

Many of our Rotary clubs have not grown scientifically but more like the proverbial "Topsy," have "just grown." Members, enthusiastic over Rotary, have had the desire to share with personal friends the many fine aspects of Rotary. This has led to proposals for membership for these friends. This natural desire and practice will and should always play an important part in the growth of our clubs.

Today, however, we appreciate that if the objectives of Rotary are to be realized that the selection of new members must no longer be done on a haphazard, hit-or-miss system, but that it must be accomplished scientifically.

It is not important that our clubs should be large clubs, or that great numbers be herded into the

membership. We always have emphasized the necessity for a high type of personnel. A club should not grow more rapidly than the new members can be properly assimilated and educated in Rotary. But nevertheless our clubs should grow to be representative of our communities. An artificial numerical limit, whether it be fifty or four hundred is contrary to the spirit and purpose of Rotary.

THE continuous *Classification Survey*, now almost universally accepted throughout Rotary provides the only scientific plan for growth within existing clubs.

A classification survey provides for the careful listing of every possible classification (using the "Standard Outline of Classifications," as a guide) to be found within the territorial limits of the club. This is first done impersonally without reference to possible prospective Rotarians to fill the open classifications. Next the names of Rotarians in the membership are placed after their proper classification. Then the complete list is published showing all filled and unfilled classifications. A copy of this Roster of filled and unfilled classifications is placed in the hands of each Rotarian. The directors of the club are then in position to consider proposals for filling the unfilled classifications. The directors and the membership keep in mind throughout that not to exceed ten per cent of the membership of the club may be in one major classification. As the survey shows the major classifications this is easily safeguarded.

When the list of unfilled classifications in a community is first compiled, the large number of unfilled classifications invariably comes as a shock to officers and membership.

Once a Rotary club gets the larger vision of the possibilities of classification, and once the roster of filled and unfilled classifications is placed in the hands of the membership, a reasonable growth is guaranteed. Experience in hundreds of clubs has shown that there is nothing to be feared in the Classification Survey. Further if the survey is made continuous and is revised annually so as to take into account the expanding life of the community the club will become truly representative of the community.

"Growth is the Only Evidence of Life."

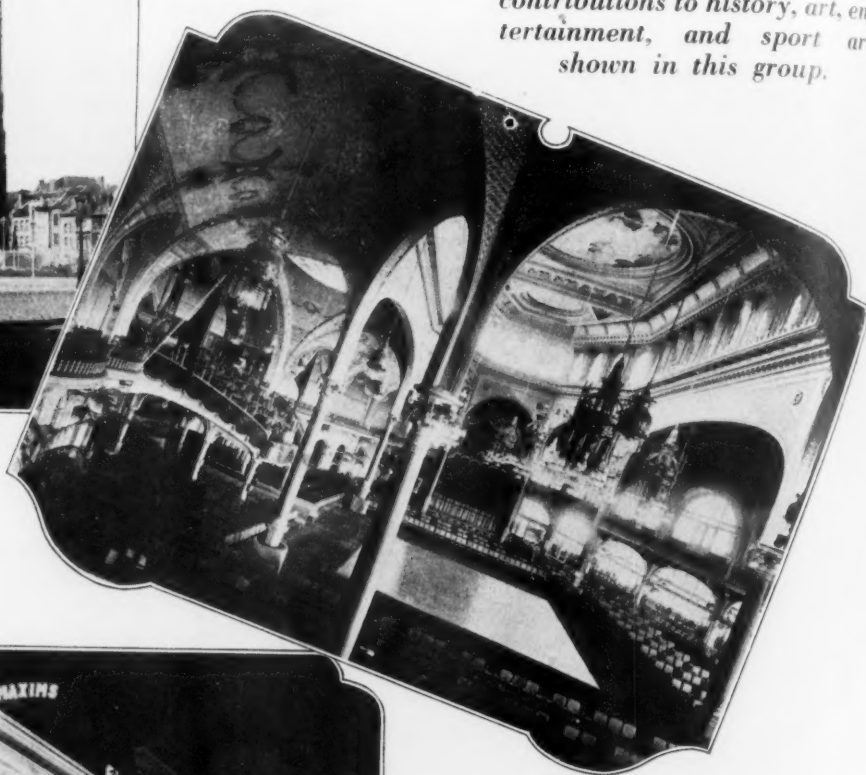
See These at Ostend!

Scenes of Special Interest to Convention Guests

ANOTHER series of views from the city entertaining Rotary's next convention. Some of the places notable for their contributions to history, art, entertainment, and sport are shown in this group.



Above—The Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul.

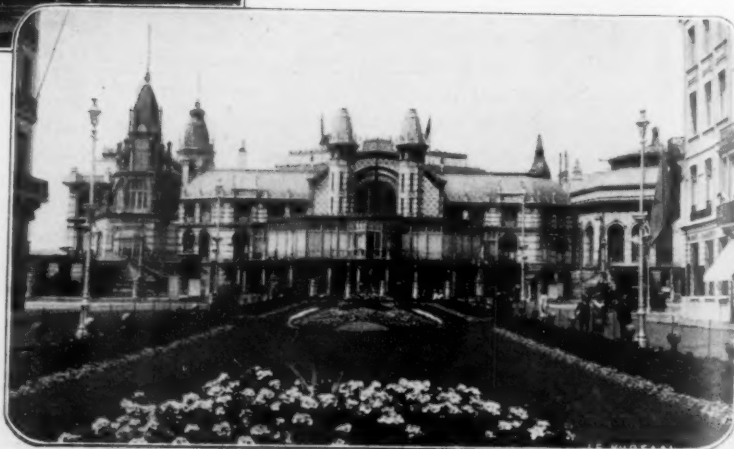


Above—The floor of the great hall where amity and oratory will compete for honors during the convention sessions.

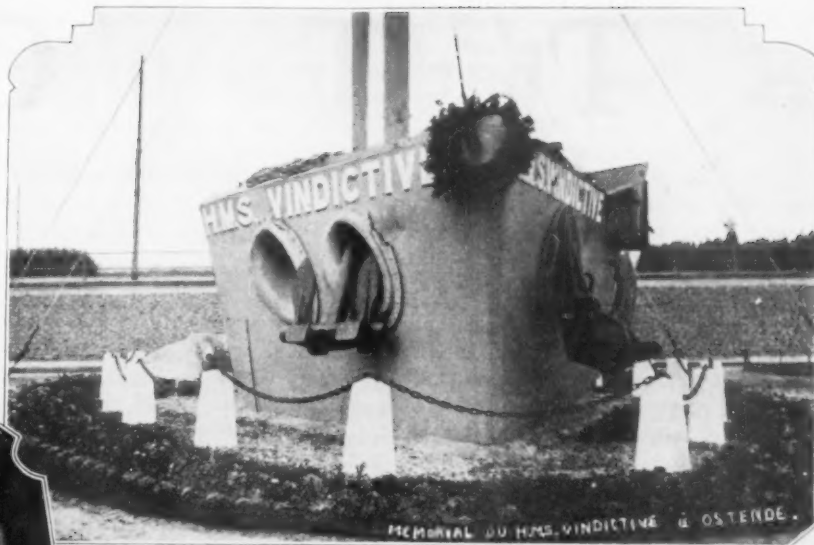


Above—A bit of Ostend's "Broadway," a night scene on the Boulevard Van Iseghem near the Kursaal. Here the dancers congregate to try out new steps or demonstrate the old familiar ones.

At right—A facade view of the Kursaal taken from the Avenue Leopold. Imagine the scenes at this hall on the morning of June 6 during the opening of the first session of the Eighteenth Annual Convention of Rotary International.



At right—The historic memorial to H. M. S. Vindictive, the ship sunk in the entrance of Ostend mole in May, 1918, in an attempt to restrict submarine operations. Nine Victoria Crosses were awarded to sailors and marines who took part in this or the similar exploit at Zeebrugge.



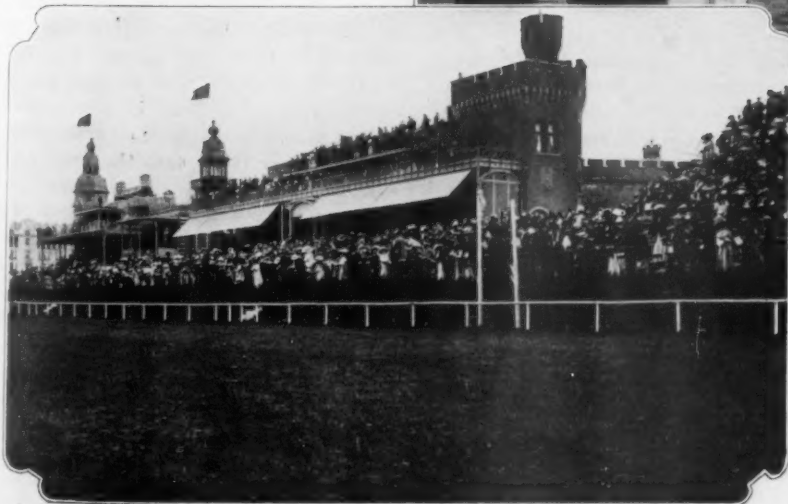
At left—The monument to the memory of Louise-Marie, first queen of Belgium, who died in 1851. The memorial is in the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul.



At right—One of the Ostend piers used by those going on brief trips along the coast. Boats run frequently to other Belgian ports.



At left—A section of the Wellington Hippodrome where large colorful crowds attend the races during Ostend's "season."



That Trip to Ostend!

Careful Preliminary Arrangements Insure Your Pleasure

By Walter D. Cline

Chairman of the Convention Committee of Rotary International

WHEN it became apparent that the 1927 convention of Rotary International would involve certain problems of management never previously encountered by Rotary International, officials immediately began their task of creating administrative machinery suited to the task in hand.

Essentially the problem of the convention committee is to transport some 6,000 or more Rotarians and members of their families across a few thousand miles of ocean, then across intervening land, to arrange for their entertainment and accommodation *en route*, and to provide all essential appurtenances for a convention at Ostend. This task, and it is no small one, is complicated by the consideration that the Rotarians will converge on Ostend from every point of the compass, and that while the majority belong to English-speaking races almost every other major language is spoken among the membership. Lastly, the convention is for the first time being entertained in a country where English is not the national language, though many Belgians speak it.

Obviously the task could only be attacked piecemeal, and could best be handled by various sub-committees each specializing on one phase. Accordingly such sub-committees were created, each with a membership carefully selected for special qualifications. These divisions were made at the first meeting of the convention committee and have been amplified as was necessary.

The first sub-committee appointed was that on railroad and steamship transportation. It is headed by Past President Guy Gundaker of Philadelphia, and with him are Raymond J. Knoepfel, of New York City; and R. Jeffery Lydiatt, of Chicago. Different pieces of publicity have already made the work of this committee more or less familiar to all Rotary; but some of its achievements deserve special mention. The sub-committee has arranged for one and a half fare to cover the round trip from all points in North America to the embarkation point—New York City. This reduction is available to all Rotarians booking passage on a ship of the Rotary fleet. This fleet, by the way, includes seven of the crack ships of the Cunard Line, reserved for this pilgrimage.

But this is not all by any means. When thousands of Rotarians land in New York with their baggage there are some preliminaries to be observed, and the sub-committee has undertaken to make this preparation as simple and as pleasant as possible. Which is to say that Ray Knoepfel, working with New York Rotary, has arranged for special service of various kinds and a splendid entertainment. The entertainment will take place on the evening prior to sailing. Other accommodations are being made.

So the Rotarian delegate, who will receive notice of this entertainment as well as an opportunity to make hotel reservations in New York, has but to announce his intention of attending the reception and a hearty welcome is assured. Many Rotarians have already experienced the hospitality of New York Rotary—and can testify that it is both genuine and adequate. Whether or not the delegates actually "trip the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York," the impulse to do so will not be lacking.

Then there will be a down-town office in the Waldorf-Astoria, where representatives of the various consuls will be on hand to see that passports are properly viséd. This is very important to the traveller, and the muchly stamped little paper is for him what a pass is to a soldier on furlough. While the passport system may seem to be a nuisance at times, it must be admitted that from the standpoint of the governments concerned there is much in its favor.

WHAT else? Well, naturally the travelling Rotarian would like to keep in touch with his friends. So there will be an information bureau to list the hotel addresses of those bound for Ostend—a great convenience for arranging parties. There will be booklets giving complete details of the transportation to points of interest on the other side. Thus one can avoid the disappointment consequent upon haphazard arrangement and plan a trip methodically so as to see the most in a short time.

All these matters will be in charge of New York Rotarians. But the transportation committee's interest goes farther. By organization of the Rotarians

allocated to the respective ships various deck sports and other entertainment will be arranged so that from the time you leave New York till you reach Ostend there will be no dull moments.

For those unfamiliar with European travel there will be other information given on board, so that all inquiries can be answered promptly. As announced, it is planned that part of the Rotary fleet shall dock at Antwerp, where a special train will be ready to take passengers to Ostend. The remainder of the party will be transferred at Flushing, landing in the port of Ostend. All seven ships will land their passengers in time for them to reach their hotels by the afternoon of June 4th.

These arrangements will take care of the Rotarians coming from or through North America, and will assure them a pleasant time whether amid the towering skyscrapers of New York or out where the sea and sky meet. However, a separate sub-committee has been established to do similar service for the 3,000 Rotary visitors from the British Isles. Wilfrid Andrews of Ramsgate and his fellow-members have planned that the British unit shall arrive at Ostend during the forenoon of June 4th so that they can assist the host committee with the reception of the visitors from North America. Rotarians from Continental Europe and other parts of the Rotary world will arrive in smaller groups and will arrange for their own transportation.

The hotel committee is the unofficial "Goat" of any convention. The men selected for this precarious honor, Al Falkenhainer, of Algona, Iowa (chairman); Wilfrid Andrews of Ramsgate, England; and Dr. M. Kesteloot of Ostend will do their best to give you a room papered in blue if you cannot endure pink—but they must know your preference early so that they can survey the possibilities. This committee will meet at Ostend in March and will carefully examine the hotel facilities before making assignments. They hope that Americans will make their reservations before leaving the boat, and that Britishers will do likewise before arriving at Ostend. In justice to the committee, however, this warning should be given:

While Ostend hotels compare favor-

ably with those of other cities, there will be a shortage of rooms with private bath because European hotels do not generally provide a bath for each room. Ample bathing accommodations are provided for the men and women on each floor, where trained attendants will be on hand, and there is ample room for the men to shave in the dressing-rooms, so that the limited number of private baths should not prove any serious obstacle to convention enjoyment.

Another sub-committee with important duties is that in charge of convention entertainment, headed by William C. Achard of Zurich, Switzerland. A fine program of entertainment has been arranged and Ostend has facilities for almost every kind of sport, so that this phase of the convention should provide much pleasure.

Then there is the matter of the convention program. No full list of speakers can be given at this time, but the committee on which your convention chairman and William Thompson Elliott, of Leeds, England, are serving has one very important announcement to make. Through the good offices of Belgian Rotarians it is assured that His Majesty King Albert will not only appear at the convention but will deliver an address at 11 a. m. June 6th. He is undoubtedly one of the best-loved rulers in the world, and this speech will give Rotarians of other

lands an opportunity to appreciate the influence of this gallant king.

Each of the fundamental principles of Rotary will receive attention from the convention speakers and the Sixth Object will be particularly stressed at the closing session. Most of the speakers will be men from countries outside North America, and the convention will thus meet the oft-expressed wish for more program material from Rotary outside the country of its origin.

THROUGH Past President Guy Gundaker the convention committee has arranged with six leading tourist agencies for post-convention tours. Almost every visitor will wish to see something of Europe apart from the convention city, and arrangements have been made and re-made till it will be possible for Rotarians on these tours to visit many clubs in the British Isles and elsewhere on the regular meeting days. Much helpful cooperation has been received from clubs in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent, and as no tour will start till after the close of the convention it is hoped that many will join in this practical demonstration of the Sixth Object.

For those who cannot spend long in Europe an alternative is provided. Rotarians of Brussels have arranged a three-day fête in the capital city of the host nation. Belgium is well supplied with transportation facilities, so that little time is needed to reach Brussels.

Those who participate in the post-convention tours will, of course, have many opportunities for pleasant contacts with Belgian Rotarians, but those who must dash back to business will find this fête a special attraction.

The convention hall, the "house of friendship," and the other spots which figure prominently in one's remembrance of a host city, have received careful study first by Secretary Perry, then by Past Presidents Adams and McCullough, and lastly by President Rogers and his committee members. It is thought that all needed facilities for a pleasant and helpful convention have been assured, and the various committeemen expect to see 10,000 Rotarians at Ostend.

Many a foreign guest has found happiness where the black, red, and yellow flag of Belgium flies to the breeze. But seldom has the entertainment been on such a scale—and your hosts, realizing their opportunity, have risen to the occasion in a manner which leaves no doubt that this will be something not only unique in the annals of Rotary, but in world affairs.

The opportunity is not theirs alone. Every convention visitor can do his share to assure the success of this meeting, to make certain that each of the thirty-seven Rotary nations shall profit by what occurs at Ostend. For hospitality is twice-blessed when guest and host alike exert themselves to give their best.



A view of the Kursaal at Ostend, Belgium, showing the famous semi-circular steel and glass structure and the Promenade and beach. The Kursaal during convention week, June 5th to June 10th, will house all of the various convention activities: the convention sessions, special assemblies and round-table meetings, general offices, "House of Friendship," etc.—the focus-point for 10,000 Rotarians who will attend from nearly two score of the countries of the world.

With the Poets



Abraham Lincoln

By JOHN P. MULLEN

I

*INTO the dust of this silent man
Love was breathed when his life began;
Courage that bore him from low estate
To masterful purpose, and marked him great.*

II

*Out of the dust that his spirit filled
Peace has flowered, and its sweetness thrilled
Cottage and city and market-place
With music as old as his kindly face.*

III

*Over the dust of his ancient heart
Love has cherished with tender art
A cause that will tower in the light of the sun
Bearing his name until Time is done.*

Mr. Lincoln Leaves Springfield for Washington

By CARL HOLLIDAY

*THIS man Lincoln—long and gaunt, you know—
Stood here that day prepared to go.
He stood right here where I stand now,
With his stove-pipe hat down over his brow,
As if to hide the look in his eye—
That look so strange that it came nigh
To breaking the hearts of them that saw,
As they stood a moment in a sort of awe.*

*No shouting, you know,—just a quiet crowd,
Rather sad, and yet at the same time proud
That their neighbor, Abe, was to rule the land,
And doubting still if a place so grand
Had really come to the man they knew,
Who stood there homely as any old shoe.
Then he took off the hat and lifted his fare
And began to speak with a kindly grace*

*Like a prophet blessing his own home folks.
A solemn speech—no time for his jokes—
Something of going to bear a load
Heavier than God had ever bestowed
On a man since this, our nation, began.
I'm an average man, but my eyes over-ran
As he told of that journey he was going on.
Then the whistle blew—and Abe was gone.*

Points of Friction

Books that touch our many-sided life

By Miles H. Krumbine

HERE is a group of books that touches our many-sided life at most of its many sides, especially at its points of friction. "The Great American Ass," an anonymous autobiography, turns the rapier of satire on the widely advertised contemporary stupidity of the American people, especially the alleged stupidity of Puritanism and the bombastic shallowness of Babbitism. "The Practice of the Principles of Jesus" by King discusses the serious question of whether modern life can be adequately Christian while it insists that it must be Christian for the sake of its own future. Two books, "What Is News?" and "The Column" take up the problem of the newspaper, recognized by most of us as one of the most potent influences in modern times. "Man Is War" by John Carter is the voice of the realist, if not the voice of the militarist, on the most vexed world issue of today.

These books are all interesting though of unequal quality and value. All told the group makes a fairly well-diversified diet of reading for the business man. One needs to read them with the critical faculties in good going order. To carry out the former figure, one's mental digestion has to be in good condition to take on these books. For instance, a very serious case of political indigestion would result from reading Carter's "Man Is War" if one did not have an excellent mental digestive tract with sufficient gastric juice to dissolve the red meat of it. The same thing is true of most of the other books. Here they are for more specific examination:

Man Is War

By John Carter. (Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.)

AN enthusiastic young diplomat has withdrawn his hand from the business of diplomacy to apply it to a very vigorous pen. The result is a very frank, depressing, and altogether disillusioning book.

"The world will escape the blight of war when man has ceased to be human. The world will find peace when man is extinct, for man is war." Through three hundred and fifty pages, Mr. Carter argues this thesis with skill if not with power to convince. It is a dismal, dreary thesis, and in the process of his argument he seeks to establish

in the minds of us all an interpretation of life that is far from reassuring.

The chapter headings of the book convey a rather adequate idea of the imposing nature of the task undertaken. Here are several of them: The Political Animal, The Internationale of Gold, Proletarchy, Theocracy, The Bad Old Diplomacy, Geneva Genetics, Chief Danger Spots. To build up his argument the writer handles a mass of evidence and information that takes the present reviewer completely beyond his depth. One wonders as one reads by what authority this man writes so interestingly and with so much dogmatism. If it is all true, what he says is frightfully important. One nurses the hope that the facts are susceptible of a different interpretation. And while one may not find much encouragement for a belief that Utopia is just around the corner, one at the same time feels inclined to refuse to yield to ultimate despair. Man may have been war hitherto, but by the very grace of his manhood and by the token of the hope that is in him, the hope and the courage; the purpose and the determination, man may become something besides war.

Ultimately, of course, the only thing that changes is human nature. This book assumes that human nature does not change and cannot be changed. If this book is right, then religion is a humbug and education a farce; then statecraft is silly and diplomacy stupid; then there is no hope for humanity.

It is, perhaps, wholesome at this point in the world's experience to have a book like this. Certainly it is an interesting book, well written and withal a diverting experience for one to read.

The Great American Ass

An Anonymous Autobiography. (Brentano's, New York, N. Y.)

"THE Great American Ass" is an anonymous autobiography by someone who is certainly no novice at the business of writing. Quite aside from any opinion one may have about the book, the high quality of its artistry is not debatable. It is excellently done.

Ringed about as it were by the fire of his own great desire for fame and place, the author, like the fabled scorpion, turns the sting of his satire on himself. Its effect is deadly. "I, the

Yankee cub," he writes, "nursed on the milk of Massachusetts legend and reared up to roar the Yankee triumphs, am an ass in the wilderness of frustration. * * * And here I bray the lay of the Great American Ass."

After one closes the book at the last page he is satisfied that the author has brayed most convincingly. He makes himself out an ass and who shall say him "nay"? When, however, he undertakes to carry the argument farther: "In this story of an Ass I intend to give the autobiography not only of the individual but of a type. I am a sort of diabolical Messiah. As Jesus in his perfection points to perfection for the whole race, so I in my assinity would indicate that we of the Puritan tradition are asses all,"—one is moved to ask, "But why include all of the Puritan tradition?" Let a man tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about himself, especially when shielded by the cloak of anonymity, but we may well object to having more than the truth. The "more" in this case is decidedly gratuitous.

The book is brilliant, if morbid; powerful in its way, though futile. It is a study in pathology. As such it may prove a valuable document. Its satire is always descending to the sardonic. It evokes pity in every chapter, anger and resentment never. It is too frightfully self-centered for that. "What a pity," one feels like crying, "that a man should take such terrible vengeance on himself."

The Great American Ass, "Roy Bradley," is the child of a Puritan father descended from John and Priscilla Alden, and a Pennsylvania Dutch mother, who finds himself growing up on the prairies of Kansas. "Knowledge Is Power!" was being interpreted in Kansas school circles as meaning that Education is a mental club by which the weak can batter down the strong. Education was the magic hatchet with which Jack could slay the Giant. . . . "My father had implanted the terror in my heart that I too was so idiotic that I would never be able to make a living. The Aldens were a non-acquisitive crew, with a compensatory gift of wit,—as they imagined. I could never see any point to their wit, and as for their non-acquisitiveness, they would steal a hog as quick as the next man if they found

the hog guarded only by a child." . . . "When it came to taking bacon from men of their own size they did not offer to pass blows, they wanted to pass laws. In other words, a magic formula must steal pork for them." . . . "You are a direct descendant," my dear old Grandmother used to tell me. "You are of the chosen line. Always get your name in the paper. Let the world know you are a direct descendant of John Alden." . . . "When I was eighteen I discovered that my learned Grandmother was a bigger fool than I."

The Great American Ass at nineteen finds himself entering the University of Kansas at Lawrence. "Lawrence had been one of the stations on the historic line of escape, a concentration depot for slaves who never thought of leaving the Missourians until enticed by Kansans. These petted negroes were insolent in the days when I walked in Lawrence and would shove the whites off the sidewalk into the gutter. I was shoved into the gutter time and again and became bitter in my hatred of blacks. The Aldens hated the South because it held the blacks down; now I hated the blacks because they held me down. Throngs of negro bucks and wenches filled the sidewalks and shrieked and laughed in their barbaric spirits, using the obscenest language in the hearing of white girls." . . . "My theory of life is that it is the destiny of man to make an ass of himself—in his efforts to improve himself he ruins himself—to put it in the vernacular, every bean-eating Bostonian was born to spill the beans. Lawrence was my first insight into this law."

From the University of Kansas the Great American Ass picks his way to Kansas City and an experience in journalism; he flies to the wilds of Oklahoma; on to New York where, as one would expect, he finds stupid editors and newspaper publishers unappreciative of his rare talent and great message. The book leaves him, after many fluctuations between success and failure, in Charleston, South Carolina. Here is a typical parting shot:

"If you look on civilized Charleston as the tortoise, and on roughneck Kansas as the elephant engaged in holding up the civilized cosmos, you get the picture I am trying to symbolize. The elephant of Progress has stood upon the tortoise of Gentility for sixty years since the 'flag was restored on Sumter,' and democracy began sitting on the world, and yet the Charleston spirit, coldly reptilian, has kept its head in its shell and its thoughts to itself while the Republican elephant parked on its dorsal architrave has continued to uphold progress and prosperity and a whole world made safe for democracy."

What Is News

By Gerald White Johnson. (Alfred A. Knopf Company, New York, N. Y.)

THIS is a newspaperman's exposition of the possibilities and limitations of his own calling. The author arrives at a purely subjective definition. "News is such an account of such events as a first-rate newspaperman, acting as such, finds satisfaction in writing and publishing."

One emerges from the somewhat involved pages with the conviction that "news" defies definition. The writer has, however, dealt intelligently, if not very clearly, with certain generalities about newspapers. Newspapers make the news and newspapermen make the newspapers. In their hands lies the task of selection and emphasis, matters of primary importance in the determining of news as they make it. They are guided by timeliness and significance as criteria, and a third measure which is the greatest, namely interest. Here the personal element again enters, for interest can be created by the capable writer.

The author deals sketchily with the necessity of censorship and the limitations of space in the paper. He devotes several pages to the fickle taste of the public and the inhibitions of prejudice which that public impose upon the press, as well as the necessity of catering to the preference for sugar-coating on any pill that may be bitter. He notes scornfully the ease with which a little whitewash can be made to justify much filth, and lauds the skill of the craftsman who can give the public what is good for it and make it like the dose. The ability to make a staple news article appeal to the public he praises as the supreme test of a newspaperman's mastery.

Commercial and political standards and their influence on circulation and consequent importance get a brief mention. Under the chapter heading "Interest and Significance" he declares that honesty is more weighty than uplift and frankness preferable to bias. "Popular interest lends significance to any event, no matter how commonplace."

The fascinating possibility of discovering news where none has been suspected is dwelt upon with the delight of a prospector contemplating a gold vein. The growing powers of censorship, as exemplified in postal regulations, are bewailed. Public opinion, he claims, no longer favors a free press. Commercial standards are jeopardizing the future of the newspapers and commercial possibilities of publicity are a constant menace to honesty. He dubs the publicity man "an expert in robbery."

Public respect, he says, is necessary

to the success of a newspaper, and the public respects that which serves its own larger interests. The mission of the newspaper is to give its readers an adequate conception of the world as it exists.

The book deals largely in generalities. As an analysis of news it makes up in detail much of what it lacks in clarity and would, no doubt, prove an enlightening discussion to the student of journalism. It strikes one as the somewhat random reflections of a veteran newspaperman who thoroughly understands his calling.

The Column

By Hallam Walker Davis. (Alfred A. Knopf Company, New York, N. Y.)

THIS book is an entertaining analysis of that new and popular feature of the modern newspaper, the so-called "column." The writer believes in the column and writes of it with zest and a gaiety befitting a somewhat jovial subject. He declares himself in the first chapter:

"More people should write columns and more people should read them. They contribute to the health and sanity of thinking. As a rule they champion common-sense and laugh absurdity out of court. The good reporter and the good feature writer do not encourage us to inquire into things. Even the editorial writer does not often ask us to look on both sides. But the columnist is ever flipping things upside down and wrong side out and inviting us to look and laugh—and think, even."

A column is no bigger and more vital in its interest and influence than the man behind it. The column is the columnist. Mr. Davis lets the columnists speak for themselves:

Jay House of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* declares, "A newspaper column is a projection of the old ego. It is the profession of telling it to them at so much per week. What the average man does for his business associates, in his own home and at the corner drug store free of charge, is what the columnist gets paid for doing in his newspaper."

Richard Atwater of the *Chicago Evening Post* waxes serious and proclaims, "What the columnist prints must be not only readable, interesting and clean; it must be fair, honest, harmless, cultured, diverting, sophisticated, humorous, topical, amiable, varied, devoid of jealousy or pretense." And then, as is the way of columnists, he chuckles and adds, "And a columnist who takes his job seriously ought to take a long vacation in the wild-woods."

"I like to take a shot at the shams and hypocrisies that hatch daily in our
(Continued on page 51)

Competitors

By C. D. Garretson

Chairman of the Business Methods Committee
of Rotary International

IN this series of articles on Business Methods probably the "Relationship Between Competitors" should have the most keen interest for those of us in business. Because we do not realize that our competitors are men just like ourselves, with virtues and faults, with the same instincts to succeed and prosper, the same desire to conduct their business ethically, yet with the same fears and suspicions, and the same desire for co-operation as we have, and because we don't think through this fact many unethical things have crept into our businesses.

How many times have I heard men say of their competitors, "Oh, my competitors are after me; they are playing a dirty game. They can't lie abed straight, and don't want to. The unfair things that they do take all the pleasure out of this business."

Step over on the other side. Do you do these same unfair things? Of course, when you do, you do them because your competitors are doing them, or you do them to hold your business, or any one of a number of excuses, but, honestly, all of us do the unfair things for identically the same reasons: to get ahead ourselves or to get even with the other fellow.

Then again, many of the things that you are told your competitors do are not true, but you, not being on a friendly basis with your competitors, are prone to believe them; in fact, you want to believe them, and the first thing you know, a fight is precipitated. Usually both parties to a fight get hurt and nothing but harm has been done. Fighting competitors make no business.

When we learn that we fight to get, but compete to give, then, and not until then, will we have our business competition on a sound basis.

Price cutting, or price discrimination, causes much of the ill-feeling among competitors. In addition, many untrue reports of such activities gain circulation and are just as effective in causing ill-feeling. The fear of losing business causes many business men to cut their prices. You can rest assured that when the price is cut it is never kept a secret. The information is passed along by the buyer to some other competitor and, the first thing you know, competitors are at each other's throats.

The prices are cut because of fear, and fear always engenders hatred, and hatred always precipitates a fight, whether it be between nations, or business competitors, or just a plain street-corner brawl.

Usually all the parties to a business fight get hurt and it is these periodical fights among competitors that account, in large measure, for the fact that so few business concerns in the United States last in business over one generation, and many, not that long.

You may say that you would be perfectly willing to play the game with your competitor, but he is not the kind of a man that you can play with. It is a ten-to-one shot that he is just the same kind of a man that you are, but he doesn't trust you and you don't trust him and, because of this fact, you are both wasting valuable time and effort fighting one another, which time and effort could be applied much more constructively, to the benefit of both you and your competitor.

At any rate, isn't this whole matter of the proper relations between competitors worth giving thought to and openly discussing when the Business Methods Committee of your club puts on this program?

"IN times past, business could be successful despite many anti-social policies and practices, because society was not in the tight corner it is in today. The business man of the past was in very much the same position as the pioneer who could afford to be recklessly wasteful in a virgin land. Business, until now, has been on what might be called a pioneering spree. Only lately have economy and the wisest possible handling of men and material become absolute essentials to business success.

As H. G. Wells makes a character in one of his latest novels say, "In the days before the war it was different. A little grabbing or cornering was all to the good. All to the good. It prevented things being used up too fast. And the world was running by habit; the inertia was tremendous. You could take all sorts of liberties. But all this is altered. We're living in a different world."

—EDWARD A. FILENE.

January 16, 1879

Albert S. Adams

December 31, 1926

By Charles St. John

AMONG the groups of notables at Rotary gatherings of the past few years one might note a lean man of spruce appearance who attracted company as inevitably as honey draws bees. A man with the "New South" written all over him and proclaimed in cadenced accents when he laughed—which was often. A man addicted to rimless glasses, high collars, and a yellow cane that tapped off his swinging strides. This was Albert S. Adams of Atlanta, Georgia, better known to his thousands of friends as "Bert."

He was the first Southerner to become president of Rotary International, and the first of its sixteen presidents to die. Born in Mobile, Alabama, he had moved to Atlanta in 1890 when he was but nineteen. There he gradually became a leader in the real-estate business, and bit by bit took on many other responsibilities. During those twenty-seven years when the South was still recovering from the aftermath of the Civil War there was plenty of opportunity for leadership and Bert Adams found many ways to help his fellows.

Among the various offices he has filled were the presidencies of the Atlanta Advertising Club, Real Estate Board, and Rotary Club. He served as chairman of the Boy Scout council, was a director of the Chamber of Commerce, director of a national bank, and chairman of the committee that raised \$1,000,000 among Atlanta Shriners for a new Shrine temple. The Elks, the Knights Templar, and other organizations had a claim on his services, and only failing health induced him recently to resign the presidency of the Georgia State Real Estate board. His place in his own business may be inferred from the fact that he was for several years chairman of the ethics committee of the National Association of Realtors.

From the many tributes evoked by his death we learn of the esteem which his career had brought. These expressions prove that he had earned a popularity which was neither local in scope nor wholly attributable to business success. The *Atlanta Georgian and Sunday American* has this to say of him:

"It is seldom that one man combines such qualities of sympathy and understanding with a mind active and bril-

liant. He was broad-minded and at the same time conservative. He had the power of making people like him because he was sincere. There was no bluff about Bert Adams. His enthusiasm for the prosperity of this community and his willingness to sacrifice for it were caught by others, as they were based on a solid foundation. He was not selfish; what he had he wanted to share with others."

The *Atlanta Journal* said:

"In Atlanta's numerous civic enterprises 'Bert' Adams was often a leader, always a worker, ready to do yeoman service as well as to give valuable counsel. Whether aiding in some difficult executive task, or mingling with the Boy Scouts, who loved him as a big brother, he was always cheerful, always true. His city even while grieving that he is gone, rejoices that he lived."

Robert S. Parker, president of Bert's home Rotary club, said:

"The distinction of being an international president of Rotary comes to but few men. Mr. Adams filled this important post not only with great ability but in such a way as still fur-

ther to endear himself to all who came in contact with him.

"But the members of the Atlanta club will remember him best as a sincere, devoted friend. Despite the great honors which had come to him, he was always ready to aid in the routine work of the club. It would be impossible to tell how much the club will miss him."

"It is difficult to understand, without knowing the man," said the *Atlanta Constitution* in an editorial, "his capacity for work, his resourcefulness, how so much activity could be crowded into the life of one whose sun had scarcely kissed the noon."

But those who followed his body to the grave had known him, and in that long procession were representatives of the many organizations which he had served. His death, which came after six months of illness and a partial recovery, occurred on the last day of 1926, a little before he reached his forty-eighth year.

The sympathy of all Rotarians will be extended to his wife and four children, and all his other relatives. Thinking back on his many words of counsel and cheer, some Rotarians will remember a toast which he gave at the Atlantic City convention (when he was International president) and which he often repeated elsewhere. It runs:

*Here's to you, and each of you,
And may you live a million years;
Here's to me, and may I live a million
years
Less just one day;
For I would not care to live to hear
That you had passed away.*

And so Bert Adams had his wish—in part at least. For though his life of usefulness was shorter than the average it was long enough for him to receive a part of his due reward in the appreciation of his fellow-members, and it was ordained that he should be the first president of Rotary International to make his final curtain bow.

The play goes on—but a debonair figure is no longer in the cast. Whatever the part he played, whatever the robes he wore, he gave a good performance. The audience will not readily forget.



Talking It Over

"Talking It Over" in committee meetings and in board meetings usually solves your club problems and establishes correct policies. Under this heading of "Talking It Over" will be discussed each month problems and questions of concern to local club committees and officers. Contributions for this department will be welcomed—The Editors.

The Magic Pebble

CARL H. CLAUDY

"BILL, there is a vacancy in Rotary." The lawyer offered his friend a cigar as he spoke. "Is there? What's it to me?" The Merchant struck a light for his friend, and pressed a button.

A young lady entered. "Miss Black, if any one wants me, I'm in conference."

"Thanks for the compliment," grinned the Lawyer. "But while it may be nothing to you that Rotary has a vacancy in your classification, it ought to be. Do you really know anything about Rotary?"

"Oh, I know practically all the Rotarians in this town," answered the Merchant, easily. "I suppose every one knows something of all these knife-and-fork clubs. You meet once a week and eat, and call each other by your first names, and have speeches and sing songs and pride yourself on your swell membership. . . . I haven't time for that sort of stuff. I'm a busy man."

"So I see. . . . holding conferences!" the Lawyer put in, a little dryly. "Well, I won't say that it isn't an important one. Because Bill, you are all wrong about Rotary."

"Well, I won't argue it with you. But as I said before, what is it to me?"

"Bill, if you lived on a desert island, would you make laws against murder and stealing and arson and forgery and overtime parking and bootlegging for yourself to obey? Would you establish a school for business ethics and attend it?"

The Merchant stared. "Are you . . . kidding me?" he inquired at last. "What would a man alone on a desert island need with laws against anything, especially overtime parking? And what use would he have for a school where he was both teacher and pupil?"

"That's just the point." The Lawyer carefully abstained from using

his usual jury manner. "There is no need of a law for one man. It is only when there are two, or as many as several, that they have to make laws to prevent one encroaching on the rights of the others. And it takes at least two for a school . . . one to learn and one to teach."

"Has Rotary got to the point where it makes laws?" the Merchant wanted to know, curiously.

"Oh, be quiet a minute and let me finish." The Lawyer grinned disarmingly. "Rotary makes no laws about anything. But Rotary teaches; teaches gently, persuasively, almost secretly, an obedience to much higher laws than those on the statute books."

"I dare say . . . and a lot of you chaps who haven't much else to do sit around and get taught," answered the Merchant, a little grimly. "But I don't think I need that sort of teaching. Your organization may teach morality . . . well, I am moral. It may instruct in the higher law of service above self . . . do you suppose I have built a big business such as this without appreciating that I have to give service? What's that motto of yours . . . he makes the most who serves the most . . . Oh, I know 'he profits most who serves best.' Well, that's open to argument with me, but I do a lot of service and I have profited reasonably well." The Merchant looked about his handsomely furnished office and visualized the busy hive of industry he controlled.

"Mind if I tell you a story?" inquired the Lawyer.

"Is it a good one? I've heard a lot lately. . . ."

"It's not that kind of a story," retorted the Lawyer.

"Well, shoot. I suppose giving you this time is a part of your retaining fee!" grumbled the Merchant but his eyes twinkled as he spoke.

"Once upon a time," began the Lawyer, "a poor man struggled through a cold rain to the nearest shelter, which happened to be a poor fisherman's hut on the shores of a nameless sea in India. He was much distressed, and shivered with cold and hunger. The Fisherman, observing his sad plight, took him in and fed him with his own dinner, a mess of fish. He gave the

traveler room to sleep on the floor and gave of his own slender store of rags to cover him at night. In the morning he again fed the man and then offered him a staff to help him on his way.

"Ye know not what ye have done," the traveler said in expressing his thanks. "I am of the Chosen of Buddha and great powers are mine. What will ye have, who have taken in the stranger and fed him and bedded him, with no hope of reward?"

"The Fisherman was much overcome at having entertained a Chosen of Buddha, so he could hardly stammer out his desire for gold . . . much gold, lots of gold! But the Chosen of Buddha had probably met poor and humble Fishermen before for he knew what it was the Fisherman wanted.

"Gold ye shall have," he made answer. "But riches, too sudden, are not a gift, but a curse. You shall have gold, but only after labor. On the shore of your sea is a pebble. When ye shall have found that pebble. . . . and find it ye will within a day. . . . ye can be as rich as ye will. That pebble when touched to iron, will turn it to gold. Farewell!" And he took himself off to whatever destination the Chosen of Buddha are wont to repair to after interfering with the lives of humble fishermen.

"The fisherman was much excited at the prospect. He hurried down to the shore and began to hunt for the magic pebble. Each one he picked up he touched to the iron bracelet that he wore, and then, seeing no change in the black metal, tossed the pebble into the sea. Pick up pebble, touch to bracelet, toss it in the sea. . . . that was his course of operation.

"At first it was mighty interesting. He couldn't tell, of course, what minute the magic pebble would be found. . . . hadn't the Chosen of Buddha said it would be found in one day? But after awhile the operation became somewhat monotonous. Pick up pebble, touch it to bracelet, toss it in the sea, over and over again, is not exactly an exciting operation. However, he persisted in his self-imposed task, the meanwhile consoling himself for the tiresome labor by thinking of all that he would do when he found the magic pebble. The clothes he would buy, the food he could

have, the women who would wait upon him, the fine house in the city he would own . . . all the pleasures of wealth passed before his eyes. Meanwhile, more and more automatic as the day went on, he picked up pebbles from the beach, touched them to the bracelet and tossed them in the sea.

"He didn't stop for lunch, or to talk to his fellow-fishermen, or to fall on his knees to pray. He had work to do, a pebble to find, gold to make, flowers and perfume to purchase, precious stones to give to dancing girls, wines and incense to intoxicate him. . . . pick up pebble, touch to bracelet, toss in the sea.

"Late in the afternoon, he became so tired he decided to rest for a moment. Seating himself, he looked at the bracelet. . . . it had turned to gold; bright, shining, yellow gold! And the pebble that had worked the miracle, the magic pebble he was to find and which was to work so great a revolution in his simple life. . . . that magic pebble was somewhere in the sea! So intent had he been upon the mere labor of his quest, so engrossed in thoughts of what the gold would buy for him that he had thrown away the magic pebble. He had tossed it in the sea, merely because he couldn't keep his mind from thoughts of the material benefits of the future."

The Lawyer paused. The Merchant looked puzzled. "If that is an argument as to why I should attempt to fill your vacant classification," he said at last, "either I am a mighty stupid jury or you are a punk lawyer. And what has it to do with the man on the desert island and his law against overtime parking?"

The Lawyer laughed. "I was afraid you'd understand, and understanding, misunderstand!" he answered. "I'll readily agree that you don't need to be taught morality, or good business ethics, or the material profits which come through service. Neither, I imagine, do any of the rest of my fellow-Rotarians. The idea that Rotary is a business organization devoted to teaching its members to make more money by the inculcation of altruistic principles is wholly erroneous. Rotary teaches its philosophy, not for physical, legal, material gains, but to attempt to add to the spiritual values which may be extracted from a busy commercial or professional life. It does for a man's business, exactly what his church does for his religion. . . . makes it a thing alive in the spirit.

"A man may be truly religious without going to church, but you will agree that the church keeps spirituality and morality before her communicants, and religious values as every-day factors

of normal living. Rotary does the same thing for the spiritual values of the civic and commercial life.

"Many who do not belong to Rotary, or some similar organization with similar ideals and teachings, are thoroughly moral, excellent business or professional men. The Fisherman was entirely moral. He did no wrong. But the Fisherman was so engrossed in thoughts of personal profit that he couldn't see the magic pebble for the stones. . . . he couldn't see the actual gold because of the visions.

"The business and professional man often is like the Fisherman. . . . apt to overlook the gold of the opportunity for the profit of the future. It would be idle for a Rotarian to contend that all the altruism, all the unselfishness, all the ideals of civic, community, and neighborly virtue, are in a Rotary club. No such claim is made. But I can tell you of one who has had the blessing of Rotary for a number of years, that Rotary will not permit a constant attendant at her weekly meetings to overlook the pebble which turns iron to gold. You can not come to Rotary and go off in day dreams of what you are going to do with next year's profits when you make them. You have to sit up and pay attention to the opportunity for service and its resultant benefactions to yourself, here and now, today, tomorrow, and the day after.

"Rotary takes the best that is in each man and lays it out for all the rest of us to see and profit by. She takes the hidden ideal of one of us and makes it the ideal of us all. She provides us with opportunities, not to serve ourselves, but to serve each other. She allows us to serve our own best interests by forgetting for a while, our individual good and that of our organization or business or profession, remembering the good of the town, the county, the state, the nation, the world. She brings forth the best that is in men, and puts it back strengthened, heartened, more vital. All this, without any stress of conscious righteousness or religion or moral lecture. . . . simply because a group of successful, brainy, highly skilled men have elected to sit together once a week, not to see each what he can get out of it, but each what he can put into it.

"I don't know whether you can get into Rotary or not. There are methods of determining what sort of a man is the right material out of which can be made a real Rotarian. But I thought I'd have this little talk with you, and see how you felt about it, before I should start matters which might result in your having the privilege of membership. I don't feel that I've wasted my time, but I'm sorry to have over-parked so long. Sorry

you don't have any use for pebbles that . . ."

"Now, just a minute," interrupted the Merchant. "If you were not my lawyer, I'd make you Sales Director. I've a dozen people on my staff I'd like to tattoo that pebble story on. I don't know whether your Rotary committee will consider me, but if Rotary is what you say it is, I need it. As for your over-parking, this office has evidently been a desert island and I didn't know it. From now on, if they'll have me, I shall erect a few Rotarian laws in it, and see if I can not keep my pebble when I find it!"

Bill Tells Some Secrets

By WALTER M. WITHERSPOON

"OH, you fellows make me tired! We are not getting anywhere; we are not doing a thing for the community, and I think we might just as well give up our charter and quit."

"What in the blazes is the matter with you now? You say we are not getting anywhere—where do you want to get?" Bill was quick to take up the challenge.

"We still live in a small town; it has not grown very much since the Rotary Club was organized, it still struggles along, and we are not doing very much to boost it."

"Yes, the town is yet small, it has the faults that most small towns do have, but it also has the virtues that such places usually have. Isn't it a pretty good place to live and raise your boy, Mac?"

"Of course it is, but the Rotary Club has nothing to do with that. You know as well as I do that this town needs a sewage-disposal plant, new water-works, parks, a hospital, play grounds and a swimming-pool for the kids. What has the Rotary Club done to help get them?"

"Surely, and I need a new overcoat, too, but I can't have everything I need, so I use the money we have for the things that seem more important. Shouldn't a community be required to do the same?"

"Yes, but you know our club has made no real effort to help these things along. I am completely sick of this thing of meeting, eating, singing and slapping each other on the back, going our way, and calling ourselves a Rotary Club. Why don't we do something concrete?"

"Now, Mac, you are not fair. If
(Continued on page 52)

Unusual Stories of Unusual Men

Rufus F. Chapin—Rotary's Dollar-a-Year Man

By David R. King

THIS is a "success" story—though you might not believe it at first. Nothing less than the proverbial Horatio Alger complex with a new twist. Its hero is Rufus F. Chapin, vice-president of the Union Trust Company of Chicago (resources more than \$80,000,000)—and perennial treasurer of Rotary International.

The princely salary referred to above is awarded "Rufe," as he is called by his friends, for his services in the latter capacity. All he has to do to earn it is to countersign some 5,000 cheques each year—and see that each of them is drawn for some proper reason, and to render an account of Rotary's finances at annual conventions.

Perhaps the salary seems inadequate? No, Rufe is perfectly satisfied—in fact, if you talk to him you will soon find that he takes much pride in earning that dollar each year and in the multitude of other things he is able to do for Rotary. Among his various treasures is a somewhat faded badge of Rotary's first "National" convention held in Chicago in 1910. There were only sixteen clubs in Rotary then, fourteen of them represented at that first meeting.

Rufe was born and educated in Chicago and his connection with the Union Trust Company dates back to 1885. After his leaving high school he had some interesting experiences as board-marker in a stock-broker's office. The manager of that office happened to be Reginald DeKoven, who was later to win fame as a composer.

It is said that Rufe first won the attention of Union Trust officials by being one of the liveliest youngsters at a birthday party. Two other youngsters that night were destined to play important parts in Union Trust Company history. They were Frederick H. Rawson and Charles R. Holden. Rawson is now chairman of the board, having succeeded his father; Holden years after the first meeting at the birthday party, became one of the vice-presidents. Chapin was elected vice-president in 1920, continuing also to serve as secretary.

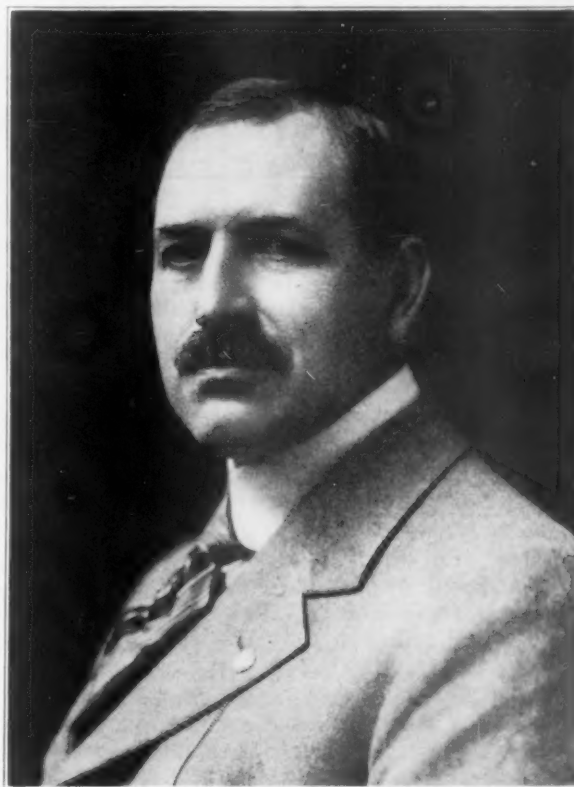
During those forty-two years Rufe developed many other sides to his character besides his financial acumen. Wherever Rotarians gather he is known as a bachelor, a humorist, a bowler, and expert operator of a player-piano.

Whether or not it is true that most of the ornaments in his apartment are designed to conceal or to receive perforated rolls, it is undeniable that he is the originator of Rufe Chapin's Waxworks, familiar to every member of the Chicago club—and has contributed various bits of humorous writing to the Chicago club's "Gyrator" besides publishing a "nonsense" book.

At the annual conventions of Rotary—and his attendance record at these is nearly perfect—you may see him peeking out from under one of those magenta hats and know that those shrewd, twinkling eyes miss very little of either fun or facts.

When he celebrated his fortieth anniversary with the Union Trust and recalled how different things are now from those days when the bank was lighted by gas and heated with a stove; when he received a flood of congratulations from business associates and fellow-Rotarians from all over the world; he was moved to confide in the newspaper reporters. He said:

"The old-time banker was rather a pitiable character. Dignity was his long suit. He was chary of making friends. It seemed to be his aim to be both irreproachable and unapproachable. He may have been the richest man in town, a fact which he never forgot himself or allowed others to forget. Today it is distinctly a part of good bank management that the directing head takes a leading part in all that pertains to the upbuilding and industrial growth of his community. Hence your good banker joins the local Chamber of Commerce, encourages and participates in civic movements, seeks admission into such organizations as Rotary, identifies himself with a church or lodge and mixes with men. And he must not be content merely with meeting men, but he must make friends of them."



Rufus F. Chapin, of Chicago, original banker-member of Rotary, and perennial treasurer of Rotary International, recently received the congratulations of a host of friends when he celebrated his 40th anniversary with the Union Trust Company of which he is a vice-president and secretary.

Rufe was the first of nearly three thousand bankers now in Rotary, and he has held many offices in the Chicago Rotary Club, including the presidency in 1918-19. As nearly as can be determined, he was about the eighteenth man to join Rotary.

As a banker he has seen the telephone, the typewriter, the adding-machine, and various burglar-proof devices added to banking equipment; and has observed the remarkable change in attitude which makes modern banks everywhere noted for their attention to customers.

The modern banker hunts the depositor diligently, cares for him tenderly, loses him reluctantly. He needs no "Open Sesame" to pass him through well-guarded doors and opaque glass. He is made to feel that all this marble and bronze temple of finance is built for him alone.

As treasurer of Rotary International Rufe Chapin receives the legally required one dollar a year for his services.

As a man he has earned the esteem of his fellow-men in Rotary and out of Rotary.

It is because of their esteem that this is a "success" story.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Rotary's Birthday

WHY do we celebrate birthdays anyhow? Quite obviously there is no particular virtue in just growing old—in fact the reverse may be true. But the theory of the procedure seems to be that we should rejoice over the added opportunity to be of some use to ourselves and others.

If there is no virtue in sheer antiquity, neither is there any in sheer size or numbers. Consequently the fact that there are now nearly 2500 Rotary clubs and about 125,000 Rotarians is in itself no guarantee that Rotary has earned its salt, and these facts alone will not greatly impress the citizens of the 37 countries having one or more such clubs.

A mountain boulder is old; grains of sand are numerous; and grass is very cosmopolitan. But rock or sand may make a road—and if grass disappeared from the earth humanity would soon follow. Usefulness is the determining factor. Is Rotary more useful to humanity now than it was in 1905? If not, mere multiplication will not save it.

These twenty-two years have seen some changes in Rotary methods. No longer do we take up collections for every worthy cause; nor claim business solely on the ground of membership; nor indulge in many childish "stunts"; nor forget that attendance is a means to an end—not an end in itself. In other words Rotary is growing up, is beginning to be taken rather seriously by others—and learning not to take itself too seriously.

It has come to voting age and is trying to cast a ballot for international concord and industrial peace. How well it has scanned the list of possibilities, how firmly it can adhere to its choice, only the future can tell. Each member has his problem, each cause its truth, and each day its challenge. Life's sentries never sleep!

Advice to a Young Lawyer

A YOUNG man, just out of law school, told us the following story. He had just finished winning one of his first cases, and was still in that first flush of victory which later triumphs in life bring only to a diminished degree. As court adjourned, he was introduced to another lawyer, a man at the far end of life's string of years—a man who had made an honorable as well as a distinguished name for himself. As both were leaving immediately for the same destination they travelled together on the railway train. The conversation naturally turned to their profession. There were some things, so the older man said, that might be worth remembering.

A lawyer often has an opportunity to give service

to his client far beyond the size of any fee. And nowhere is there greater opportunity to do a friendly turn than in cases of bankruptcy. An insolvent business man in his extremity may see no other way than the easy one of throwing himself upon the mercy of the court. A repudiation of honest obligations. A new start—but with a blot that may never be erased. Litigation—everyone loses—the creditors their money, at least, the most of it; the client whatever tangible assets he may have left, and in addition, his credit, his good name, and his self-respect.

There was another way, though, the older man said. Sell the client on an alternative proposition: call together the creditors; attempt an adjustment with terms satisfactory to the one side, and which the other could meet. True, the lawyer may get his fee just the same in either case, but one is sometimes saved that painful introspection that comes from a doubtful procedure. Sometimes that still small voice bothered even lawyers, with its question: "Not the size of your fee, but *how* did you get it?"

"As I look back," the older man concluded, "some of my best clients turned out to be men that I persuaded to keep out of court. And some of them I treasure among my deepest friendships."

It was just a casual conversation between two men in a railway train, but oh, what a mark it left upon the younger, and what a Rotary message it contained, not only in its specific application, but to other phases of the law and to a hundred other professions and businesses.

What better thing can be said of a man than he was a friend to others and went about preaching good?"

Are We Getting Anywhere?

IN the United States, millions of dollars are being expended annually in various kinds of work for boys. Thousands of men are doing work of one sort or another for boys. Do the results justify the expenditure of time and money? There is said to be a boy problem. It is said to be serious. Does anyone know just what is the boy problem? And does anyone know how serious it is? Is it a problem of urban life or of rural life, or of both? Are the efforts to meet it adequate? Are they effective? Is it not time that someone should make a thorough and intelligent survey of the situation? Such a survey should tell us exactly what the boy problem is and how serious it is; what the existing agencies are for meeting it; and how successfully they are meeting it. Then what else must be done will be evident and the way to do it will be discovered.

Who will make such a survey?



AMONG OUR LETTERS



Suggests Discretion

THE January number of THE ROTARIAN contains an article under the very suggestive and insidious title—Rotary for Rubens, by one William P. Rose, who makes it clear in the outset that he is the finished product of big cities, thus dissassociating himself in fact, if not in business, with the Rubes in the midst of whom he must grind out his daily living—publishing a newspaper, at Cambridge Springs, Pennsylvania. Population two thousand Rubes less one.

There can be little doubt in his mind—that unless Rotary International accepts his very modest suggestions relative to the Ruben constituency, that the future of Rotary among America's illiterati, born and bred (or unbred) in such towns as Cambridge Springs, will perish from the earth. When William soliloquizes on his heroic efforts to lead his people into life, not one bit of which they could appreciate, he grows tired.

Gentlemen of THE ROTARIAN, you will favor us best and we will enjoy your monthly efforts more, if you will never again disturb William's rest. The citizens of Cambridge Springs are doubtless enjoying his hibernation. The editors of THE ROTARIAN are sending out questionnaires with a view to ascertain the extent of interest that Rotarians take in the magazine. We might suggest discretion in the selection of material of which there is doubtless an abundance.

W. M. BOAZ,

Secretary, Rotary Club of Bushnell, Ill.

Heartily Agree

TO ROTARIAN BILL ROSE:

The article, "Rotary for Rubens" has caused considerable comment by our club members. While our town is about six thousand and our club just a year old we have had just the problems of which you speak.

We heartily agree with all you say and assure you that you are the first one to explain to us just the things that we have wondered about. Your problems seem to have been just what ours are and we consider your story one of the best explanations we ever have read or heard.

J. R. MOOREHEAD,

President, Rotary Club of Lexington, Mo.

Rotary for Rubens—Open Letter

Mr. William P. Rose,
Cambridge Springs, Penn.

DEAR BILL:

I am assuming that "Bill" is your official designation in your local Rotary Club; if it isn't, it ought to be.

I am writing to commend your article which appeared in the January number of THE ROTARIAN. I have lived in towns of the "Ruben Class," all my life (which means a little better than thirty-nine years), and I have studied the various problems confronting the citizenship of "Ruben-ville," and have given much thought, time, energy, and hard-earned money to be a first-class booster; and after a series of distasteful disappointments, misunderstandings, and adverse criticisms, I reached the conclusion that you have so ably expressed in your article, especially where you detail your activities in the many fields of boosting called for in this kind of a community. I thought that my conclusion was purely subjective, and was possibly super-induced by a consciousness of my own inability to keep pace with the times and put over projects apparently necessary for the good of the community; and I scarcely dared to permit myself to honestly admit that my conclusion was in fact a conviction, and had a real basis in substantial facts.

I am a country lawyer, engaged in a country practice in a typical country town; I have been engaged in such practice now for nearly fourteen years. Following the example of some lawyers whose lives I have studied, I began early in my law practice to build a side line, or hobby, which would not only help me in my profession, but at the same time would give me a source of recreation, and change of study. I began, whenever occasion presented itself, to make public addresses and have since followed that as a side line (not as a money-making scheme, for I have never accepted more than actual expenses). I believe you will pardon my seeming vanity if I say that my efforts have met with really more appreciation and success than I anticipated. Naturally my engagements must have been before audiences in the "Ruben-ville" class.

My one theme for the past ten or twelve years has been to try to impress

upon the people of smaller towns the real opportunities they have for contentment and happiness by reason of being in the "Ruben-ville" class. . . .

I have written the above (and I ask your pardon for being so personal) just to show you that I appreciate fully the article you have written and the opinions you have expressed. I would like to know you, and would like to know more of your enterprise and your viewpoints. I am confident that you are a valuable man in Rotary and I trust that your small town, as well as ours, will realize its need of Rotary and that by proper application, the situation, although subject to "puncture and blowouts," will withstand the tendencies to do so, and will ultimately prosper.

HUNTER O. METCALFE,

Past President, Marfa (Tex.) Rotary Club.

International Sponsors

TO THE EDITOR:

My daughter, Mrs. P. Neuhuys-Nysens, having recently presented our family with two splendid boys, who are, of course, two future good Rotarians; the idea struck me that it would be fine if they could enter the Rotarian Family, by having Rotarians as Godfathers and Godmothers, and to my great delight, dear Mrs. Rogers and our good President Harry H. Rogers accepted the responsibility.

Of course, no ceremony is necessary. It is simply a moral and friendly interest that they take in the children with no other obligation than to follow their progress in life by receiving pictures and accounts from parents, until the boys are old enough to correspond and receive letters of good advice from their godfathers and godmothers.

But the great good would be—and will be—that we will have an everlasting opportunity to talk about the virtues of their Godfathers, Godmothers, and Rotary and to tell them, and prove to them that by following their footsteps and by applying the principle "Service above self" and "He profits most who serves best" they are bound to be happy and good citizens.

I feel so happy over the acceptance of dear President Harry H. and Mrs. Rogers that I would like to see a good

(Continued on page 50)

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Establish Club Library

PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA. — The Rotary Club of Pretoria is establishing a club library with a comfortable reading room where members may find a good supply of Rotary literature. This idea is especially useful to such clubs as this which do not receive Rotary literature by mail until some weeks after it has been sent from one of the secretariats of Rotary International.

During October, Pretoria Rotary had the honor of installing as its first honorary member His Excellency the Governor-General of South Africa.

Cooperative Courses For High School Boys

WAYNESBORO, PA.—Local Rotarians are giving encouragement to many high-school students who have enlisted in the cooperative courses given jointly by the high school and Waynesboro industries. The town has a population of 10,000, of whom 3,000 are employed chiefly in the metal industries. It was found that many boys who were ready to drop out of school because of lack of interest or financial need could be retained if some sort of vocational training were offered. Although there

was no appropriation which would permit the schools to undertake the additional expense, a plan was worked out for part time classes in which the students could learn a trade and earn money at the same time.

Although this plan is not new, it has been found very useful, and recent figures showed 41 students taking such courses. On graduation the boy receives both a journeyman's certificate and a high-school diploma; and it is expected that many of these boys will eventually fill positions as foremen or will go on to the technical schools for further training. Pattern-makers, machinists, and moulders are trained in these shops and the young apprentices are proving of better quality than usual.

Pledge \$2,600 For Children's Pavilion

WASHINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA.—Local Rotarians have pledged \$2,600 to equip the children's pavilion on the first floor of the new \$750,000 hospital. This hospital, a community enterprise, will be completed and equipped about February 1st, and all citizens are pleased with the prospect for increased health facilities.

Boys Work In China

SHANGHAI, CHINA.—The chairman of the boys work committee of the local Rotary club reports another successful International Hobby Show for boys. The exhibition was held on the 12th and 13th of November and was followed by a father-and-son banquet on the 18th at which time the winning patrol of the Boy Scouts of Shanghai, an international group, were the guests of the Rotarians. The president of the club presented a Rotary shield to the winner in the Scout's Jamboree.

Combine Work of Historian And Publicity Committee

CRANFORD, NEW JERSEY.—The local Rotary club has combined the functions of their publicity committee and their historian. The idea is to preserve records of the club activities each year for review, to set the pace for next year's efforts, and to trace the effect of Rotary work. The scheme will also furnish material for a future club history and from time to time remind members that history is a matter of daily events—that each meeting is not complete in itself. Further, it will insure proper



This schoolboy band of Turners Falls, Massachusetts, is a protégé of the local Rotary club. The band was started in 1925 and the Rotarians contributed some \$800 to the cause which with the weekly dues of 25 cents paid by each young musician got the organization started. In October of that year the un-uniformed band made its first public appearance and played its whole repertoire—one tune. Later the band appeared again—and played two tunes. In May of 1926 fifty of the most conscientious boys were given inexpensive uniforms—which proved an incentive to the others. Later, the band, now completely in uniform, headed a parade of 800 school children. The boys are from nine to sixteen years of age, and only two bandmen have been dropped as a disciplinary measure. Two members are playing regularly with the local military band and several are taking private music lessons. Warren Brigham, the director, is supervisor of music in the public schools.

attention to different phases of activity and will check the tendency for some committees to start many things and complete only a few.

Plan More Boys Work During Winter

SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.—The social welfare committee of Scarborough Rotary is busy planning further cooperation with the local Boys' Club during the winter. The junior club, which was founded by a Rotarian, will now have the advantage of commodious premises attached to the Kingscliffe Holiday Camp, this accommodation being provided through the efforts of another Rotarian. The Rotary club appropriated \$250 to make the premises suitable for a boys' club, and individual Rotarians have volunteered to help supervise the boys' activities.

Sick Member "Listens In" On Christmas Program

PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK.—While the Rotarians of Plattsburg made merry around their Christmas tree there was one member, Harold A. Jerry, who shared the fun though he was far away. For some time he had been ill in bed and before his fellow-members began to exchange the tent gifts they had bought for one another, two of them arranged to have a special telephone in the meeting-room connected with an amplifier in the sickroom. Thus Rotarian Jerry was able to "listen in" and Plattsburg Rotary broadcasted its first program. The only thing he missed was the joy of the orphan children who eventually received the little gifts—and perhaps were able to guess the classifications represented.

New Use for Club Fines

LAPEER, MICHIGAN.—Lapeer Rotarians who made a personal canvas of the entire county and brought 68 crippled children to a clinic, who have assisted in getting many of these cripples to the state university hospital for treatment, found a new use for their fines this year. They purchased copies of "Pastimes for Sick Children" and sent them to all crippled children of the county between the ages of 4 and 18.

The book was written by Mary Street Whitten and Hope Whitten. Hope was born a cripple, and the book is a compilation of games to play, things to

make, etc., which Hope's parents worked out to keep her pleasantly and profitably occupied during her years of illness.

Hope is now 16, surgeons have remedied her bodily defects and her parents have kept her mind active so that she is now ready for happy school life. Lapeer Rotarians feel that this book will do as much for other children in like circumstances.

Appreciation for Home Talent

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN.—Speaking, music, and a play were features of the ladies' night dinner attended by 47 Rotarians and 92 guests recently. The district governor was toastmaster and the program was an appreciation of Marquette's home talent in literature, music, dramatics, and civic enterprise. The one act play "Station YYYYY" written by Booth Tarkington was so well received that it was to be repeated elsewhere a little later.

"The Proper Mirror Of Mankind"

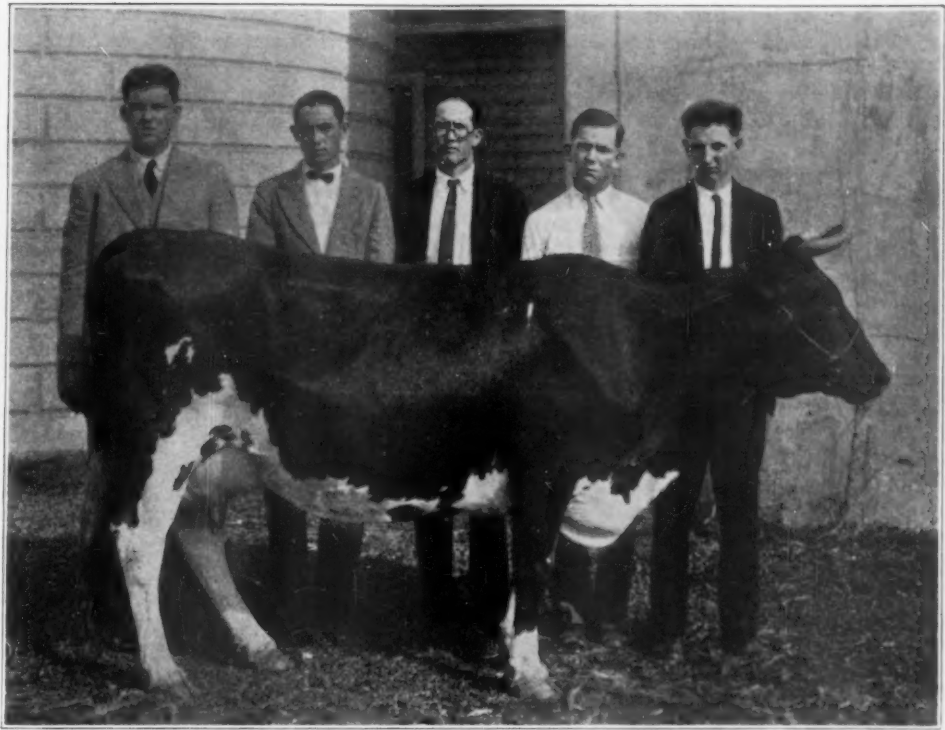
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.—Five boys from the Warwick Academy told Bermuda Rotarians what they thought of them and their works. When the club directors found that debating was en-

couraged at the club, they decided it would be an excellent thing if Rotary could be made the subject of some of these discussions. The head master was therefore provided with necessary literature, so that the boys might have authentic information. Subsequently the head master was invited to bring several boys to speak before the club. Each club member brought a boy guest to this very successful meeting.

Twenty Business Men Join Alfalfa Club

SPARTA, ILLINOIS.—In the spring of 1926 the Sparta Rotarians wished to do something for the farm boys of their county. The suggestion finally adopted was that the Rotarians should sponsor an alfalfa club. A committee, headed by a farm advisor, launched the project along these lines:

A business man, not necessarily a Rotarian was to be the partner of a farm lad between 12 and 20 years of age, and the boy's father must necessarily cooperate with both partners. Each boy was to sow an acre of alfalfa, the cost of seed and limestone being borne by the business man. If more fertilizer were required arrangements would be made satisfactory to the three parties concerned. It was expected that the business man would visit his



These students in the agriculture classes of North Carolina high schools were chosen to represent their State in a national judging contest held in Detroit. The team, which won third place despite keen competition, includes (left to right) Roy Parramore, Vanceboro; Ernest Kinney, Friendship; E. J. Morgan, coach, Vanceboro; Murphy Royal, Salemburg; and Houston Austin, alternate, Oakboro. Roy Parramore won fourth place as an individual judge of Jersey cattle; Ernest Kinney won ninth place as judge of Guernseys. Rotary clubs of North Carolina financed the boys trip and the team was selected after district contests in which 100 high schools were invited to participate. Southern Rotarians have been specially active in the movement for better cooperation between townfolk and farmers.

partner's home several times and so incidentally strengthen rural and urban ties besides offering what advice he could about the crop.

The boy was to do all the seeding, harvesting, etc. Fall seeding was to be practiced and the boy was to keep records and report to the club.

This alfalfa will be harvested three or four times during 1927. From the second or third cutting one ton of baled hay will be secured which is to be delivered at the county fair. Prizes will be awarded at this fair and a parade arranged in which each business man will ride on the wagon with his boy partner driving. After the parade the hay will be sold to the highest bidder, the receipts being turned over to the treasurer of the alfalfa club.

Of course every crop will not be a success but if there is not sufficient money to pay all expenses the deficit will be borne equally by the business men who financed the project. In case there is more than enough money the balance will be used for promotional work.

Annual Report on Crippled Children

LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—An address given at the district conference held in Portland, Maine, in 1925 started the Lebanon club on crippled children's work. The local club first made a survey with the help of the doctors, teachers, and nurses. Then a committee of five was appointed to take charge of the club's efforts. Next came the matter of finances. A lame boy was taken to a club meeting and a plea made for him and his fellows brought \$800 from the 30 members. Then a minstrel show was given which netted over \$1,200. With these funds the work was continued and later this same boy was able to attend another luncheon and to run around without his crutches. Several other cures were effected and the club thinks the work well worth while.

Variation of Friend X Plan

POST, TEXAS.—The local Rotarians are carrying out a plan which they do not claim to have originated but which has been found excellent for developing fellowship. Each Rotarian supplies the following data: his name, the date of his own and his wife's birthdays,

their wedding anniversary, and the birthdays of their children. Then all Rotarians draw a name and through the year all anniversaries are suitably remembered without any of the unknown friends revealing their identity.

Many Delegations at Fellowship Meeting

DULUTH, MINNESOTA.—Invitations for a good-fellowship meeting were sent from Duluth to all Rotary clubs in the vicinity. There was a fine response and on the appointed December evening Duluth welcomed delegations from Superior, Wisconsin; Two Harbors, Ely, Virginia, Eveleth, Hibbing and Cloquet, Minnesota. Fine entertainment was provided and the Duluth club thinks the resultant understanding between the various communities was well worth the effort involved.

Will Head Committee For Rural Scouts

DES MOINES, IOWA.—John P. Wallace of this city who has for years been active in Rotary boys' work, is to head a national committee of Scout executives recently organized to carry Scout advantages to farm boys. It is estimated that 51 per cent of the boys of Scout age live in rural areas and it is hoped that through the work of this committee these country lads will have the same opportunity now available in most towns.

Orphan Children Have Some Firm Friends

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.—Children from the Masonic Home and the St. Joseph's Orphanage have come to look

on Alexandria Rotarians as rather substantial fairies with particularly good wands. To them the presence of Rotarians is associated with such matters as a trip to the Central Louisiana Fair with accompanying free rides at the carnival, a trip to the circus, with free peanuts and lemonade; and a "ladies' night" made yet more joyous by the presence of various and sundry clowns and their accessories.

But there are other versions; to the individual member the Rotarians are the people who are apt to call on him at any time during business hours—and who will report on their experiences at the next meeting of the club.

Then to the fellow-member in St. Charles the Alexandria Rotarians are the friends who attended the opening of America's newest port.

And to others—write your own version.

Provide Outfit For Emigrant Boys

HULL, ENGLAND.—Local Rotarians have undertaken financial responsibility for the clothing outfits of the first five members of the Hull Boys' Club who are to emigrate to Canada. The boys, whose ages range from fourteen to seventeen, will make their journey under the Canadian Government scheme for farm apprentices.

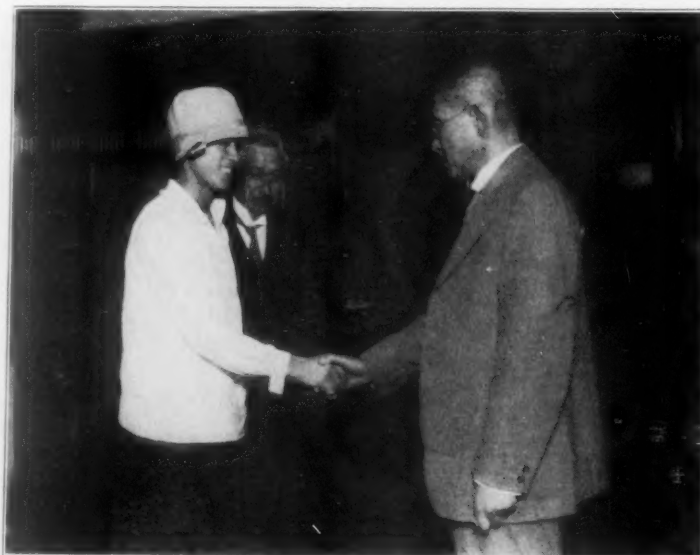
Use Stand of Flags At Inter-city Meets

PERRY, IOWA.—During December the Rotarians of Jefferson delivered to the Perry Rotarians the flags of thirty-five nations represented in Rotary. An unusual feature of this inter-city meeting was that both clubs had one hundred per cent attendance. These flags are sent out by the district governor as one means of promoting inter-city meetings. The club sending them to another city always arranges to have three or four of its best speakers in the delegation.

Have Six Scout Troops And a Band

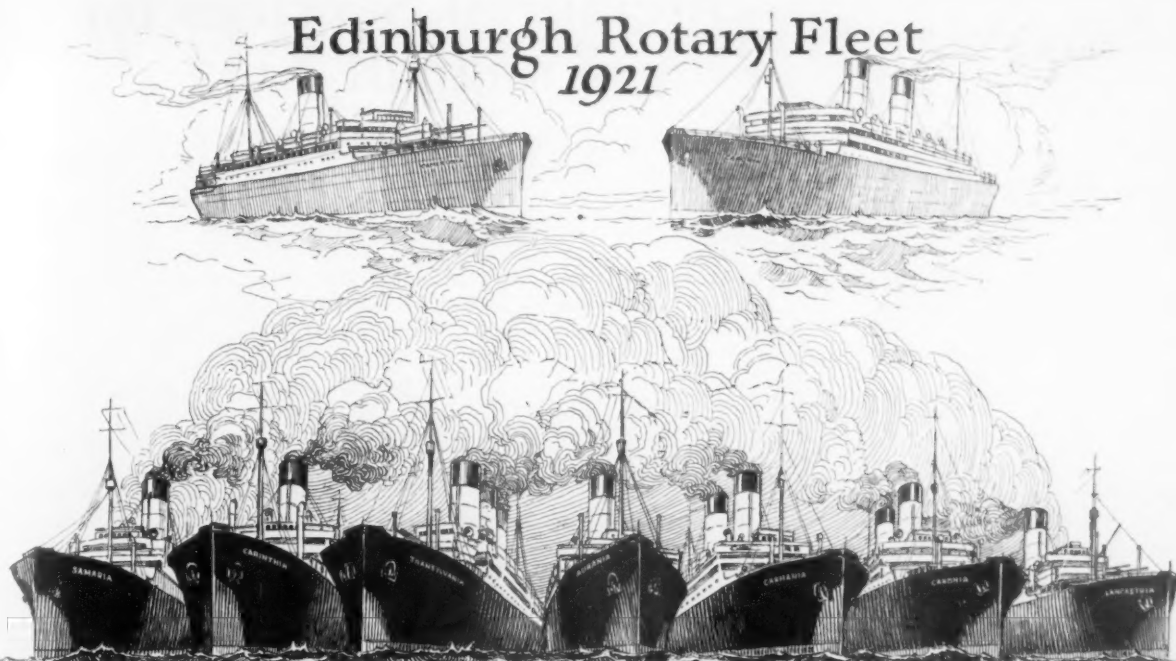
OWOSSO, MICHIGAN.—For fifteen years a single Scout troop was sponsored by one man of Owosso. Then came the local Rotary club—and the realization that the city should have several troops. After six months there are six troops organized and more in prospect. Then

(Continued on page 44)



When Miss Kinue Hitomi came home from the Women's International Athletic Meet at Gothenberg, Sweden, where she made 15 points and a world's record in the long jump, the Japanese gave their sole representative a rousing welcome. Here she is shown receiving the greetings of Rotarian Seki, mayor of Osaka. Later she was guest of honor at a meeting of Osaka Rotary.

Edinburgh Rotary Fleet 1921



Ostend Rotary Fleet 1927

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Memorial Services for Kungpah King

*A Description of the Impressive
"Gate of the Soul" Ceremonies*

By "SAM" HSU

A MEMORIAL service in honor of the late Rotarian Kungpah King of the Peking Rotary Club was held on October 10 at the Shou Shun An Temple on the corner of Peking and Honan Roads. During the entire day, hundreds of friends of the deceased entered the temple and participated in the funeral rites. Among them were a large number of Rotarians of the local Shanghai Chapter. Two separate batches of members performed the ceremony of bowing before the picture of the beloved brother during the day: one at eleven in the morning and the other at five in the afternoon.

Representatives of the Peking and the Tientsin Rotary Clubs were present. Both Rotarians Sohtsu King and C. F. King, brothers of the deceased, were present as mourners.

The memorial itself was solemn and impressive. The main hall of the temple was decorated in sombre colors of blue, black and white with occasional touches of gold. On the walls were numerous silk scrolls, presented by many celebrities of the country, conveying expressions of sincere adoration of the life and work of the departed.

As one entered, the huge drum at the gate boomed forth its announcement, followed by a few beats of bagpipe music. After passing the main hall where the sympathetic friends had gathered, one was ushered to the "Gate of Soul," which remained closed till a deep throated gong gave a prolonged note. The cloth doors bearing two immense characters were thrown open and one entered into the inner recess of the building and was brought face to face with the portrait of the deceased, enshrined in a beautiful background of floral settings and crimson buntings. On both sides were elongated white scrolls of eulogy, written by close relatives.

Before the portrait was a wooden tablet, in which, from time immemorial, Chinese believe that the soul of the departed reposes. On the left stood, in reverent silence, a long file of coarse-gowned male mourners in white, while on the left, behind heavily embroidered curtains, sat the lady mourners.

Before the portrait were set, two tables deep, various kinds of nuts,

fruits, and other delicacies, forming the sacrificial altar for the occasion.

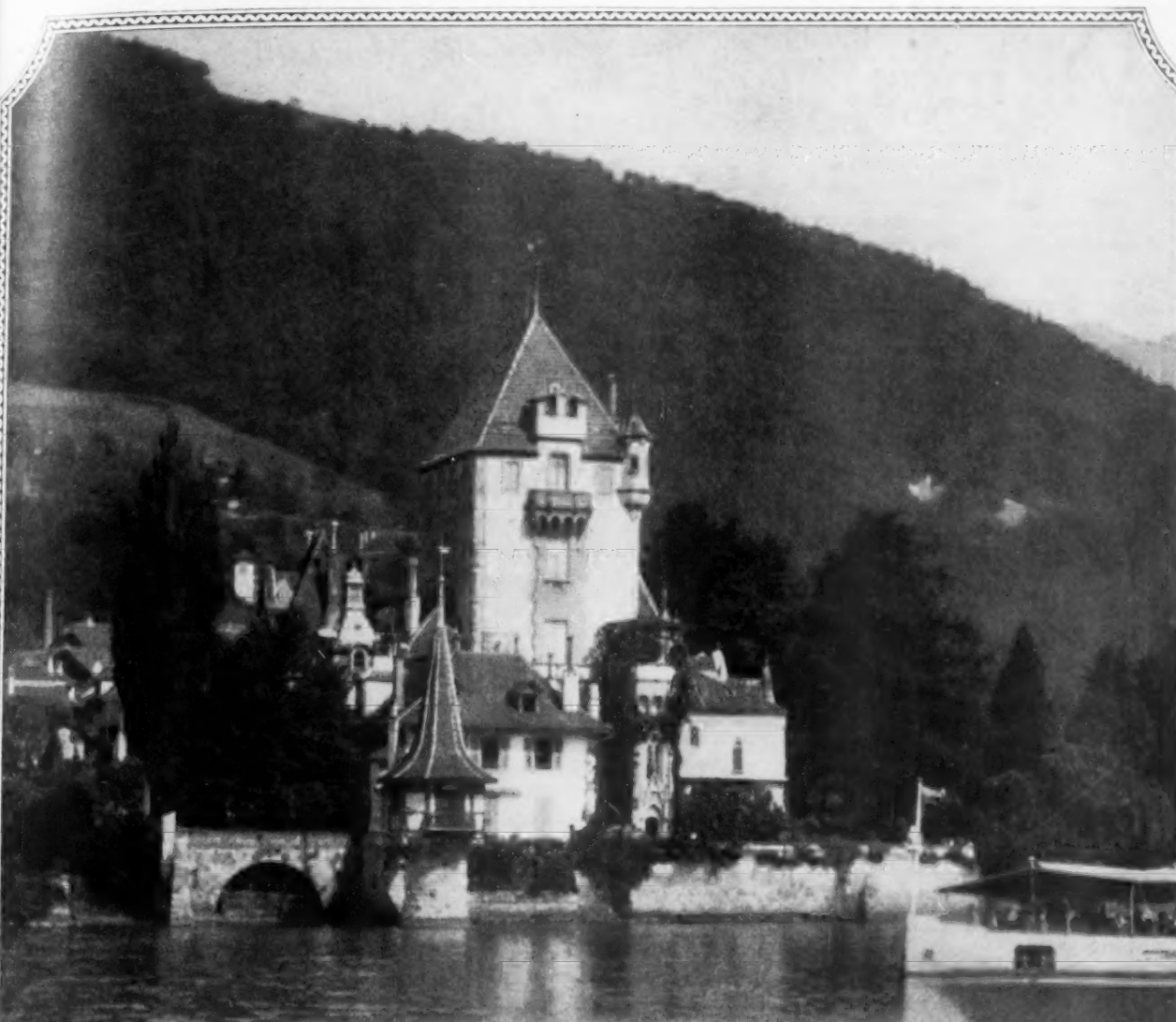
The master of ceremony ordered the entrant to assume his place before the red cushion and counted as the three bows were made, followed by an acknowledgment from the long column of white clad mourners, who bowed also. The master announced the conclusion of the ceremony and the guest stepped out of the "Gate of Soul" which was immediately closed behind him. In the main hall, one was greeted by a number of honorary ushers, who would offer tea, smokes and a refreshing towel. One sat for sometime chatting with the ushers or any acquaintance whom one might know and withdrew to the tune of the bagpipe music.

TOWARDS the noon-hour, condolences poured into the temple in unusually large numbers. It was the convenient hour for the guests. Friends familiar to the mourners stayed for tiffin, consisting of vegetables only, and helped in entertaining the other guests.

At noon, the temple monks paid their tribute to the soul. A concourse of gray-gowned and shiny-skulled priests filed into the inner hall, and took their places beside the tablet. The harmonious chanting interspersed with the clang of the cauldron-shaped gong and thumps of the fish-heads proved to be soothing even to the most jaded nerves of city life. The head priest, facing the portrait, read a line from the Buddhist Bible, paused in meditation and was followed by a surging chorus of words in measured music. It was melodious. A few moments later the procession retreated. The monks glided out like so many gray waves of the surging sea.

In the afternoon, the congregation in the halls began to thin out. Callers were less numerous and mourners had a chance to sit and rest, only to be summoned to the carpet when late-comers entered to do their homage. The sun went down quickly. The golden rosy veil turned to blue; then became darker till twilight was over the roof of the temple. The mourners whispered to one another. The memorial was declared off by three loud boomings of the drum, followed by a lengthy, and majestic tune, known as the "Field Marshal's Air."

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Do You Make Little Men Big?

Or—Big Men Little?

By J. A. DODGE

WERE one to listen to the questions of the average business man to applicants for positions, particularly in office work, he would hear, in addition to discussion of general qualifications, something like the following: "We want a man with brains, common sense—and above all—a man with initiative; one who can assume responsibility—yes, one capable of lifting burdens from the shoulders of his employer, or manager, as the case may be, thus giving him time for the larger and more important duties of his office."

But, Mr. Employer, to be absolutely frank and honest, when you employ the fellow who measures up to your standard of qualification, do you fulfill your part of the bargain? Is the new assistant given opportunity to grow, or is he permitted to wither? Do you do that which causes him to grow big in service to your company, or if he shows signs of bigness, do you make the much too common error of doing that which makes him become little, so to speak, in his efforts in your behalf? And do you in reality, give him opportunity to lift burdens from your shoulders, or do you add to your own burdens, through failure to permit him to carry even his own intended responsibility? Does he become a liability when he may have it in him to be an asset?

Let's meditate over these questions together. Business organizations should have for their objective, success, naturally. Success cannot be had in great measure without *unity of purpose* by the organization as a whole. Unity of purpose cannot be had without coordination of all departments. Coordination of departments must come first through the proper functioning of the individual departments within themselves and then co-operation of the department heads. Departments will not function properly, and thus add their bit to the general plan of unity of purpose, without proper spirit between department head and subordinates; the latter being made to feel they are a part of the general plan, not mere machines performing an individual task with no significant purpose.

Perhaps in the larger corporations the need of co-operation and the importance of letting competent employees make use of their own brains is so well founded that the substance of this article will be of little interest; but, in the smaller organizations where, due to a seeming lack of necessity, erroneously assumed, the matter of efficiency has not so thoughtfully been reckoned, in the writer's opinion, the failure of such a vast number of employees to measure up to their expected standard of qualification is due, not to a lack of ability, or initiative, but to improper coaching on the part of the general manager or department head, depending upon the individual's ranking, which tends to kill initiative and at the same time, causes ability to lie dormant within his brain.

In collegiate football games a few seasons ago there was *one* outstanding individual star, just as there are outstanding individual stars in business organizations. But an individual with superhuman prowess on the gridiron, could not win a single game for his university, no matter how hard he might try, without the assistance of his team-mates. Thus, the greatest individual business star as the head of a business organization cannot meet with success that will withstand, without co-operation of the entire organization—at least, unity of purpose, and the greater the degree of unity, the greater the measure of success as a whole; and, of vast importance, the less likelihood of being affected by business reverses.

SEEMINGLY there is fear on the part of many business men that encouragement tends to lessen one's efforts and criticism is offered instead. There is no question but what just criticism is of value, even to the most brilliant minds, whereas unjust criticism tends to discourage and curb the development of promising assistants. Do not misunderstand—I do not mean to advocate a policy of simply turning every employee loose to run things as he sees fit—that would mean complete ruin, quickly reached. Neither do I mean that the general manager should not have dominion over the department

heads, and they in turn, over the clerks. That is the way it should be; in fact, must be.

My point is this—in an organization coming under my observation, a young man of sound judgment and good business sense, who had been a decided success with another concern, was employed as a department manager, a promotion, I might add, over his previous position. As to initiative, he had plenty, yet was not too impulsive. He was "safe" to entrust with responsibility. He would not misuse authority. He was well liked by the organization as a whole, an important factor in the "dove-tailing" process of all departments. His efforts made favorable impression on the officials of the institution and it seemed his services were to prove mutually beneficial. His work consisted of both office detail and sales-promotion work. Things went well until his manager began "clipping his wings," so to speak, and in a general way unjustly criticising him, when commendation was due. Sales-promotion literature, which had much merit, was literally torn to pieces by his manager, resulting in further attempt to get up something to please without the inspiration so essential in a task of this sort. His interest in the success of his department naturally began to wane—sales-promotion effort lagged—the ability which he possessed in great measure returned to a dormant state in his brain; he simply took things easy, knowing his efforts regardless of merit would be torn asunder and thus become fruitless. In short—he, big in qualification for his job, became little in service rendered.

Just criticism and the proper directing of his efforts to conform to the ideas of his manager, which could easily have been done, as he was an agreeable, sensible fellow, would have inspired him on and on, until, without a doubt, in the opinion of those in close touch with his work, he would have established an enviable record and the business as a whole would have profited greatly by his services; but instead under the circumstances he proved a failure for which he was blameless.



18th Annual Rotary Convention Ostend, Belgium

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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 28)

it was thought that a Scout band would help materially so the club secured instruments for the band. The firm which sold several of the instruments also arranged for a bandmaster to give the boys four months' training. Results were so good that the Rotarians decided to launch a public subscription to promote further training. To the \$700 which the club paid for instruments there was now added \$2,500 from the public. Through cooperation of various organizations the additional training was arranged for by engaging a special teacher and including courses in orchestral and band music in the curriculum of the public schools. Now Owosso has a high-school band and an orchestra besides its Scout band.

Quiz Tests

Knowledge of Rotary

SHEBOYGAN, WISCONSIN. — Local Rotarians spent an interesting half-hour in testing their knowledge of Rotary. There was a round-table discussion on "Where Rotary functions in my business," followed by one-minute testimonials. Also there was a brief quiz in which the members were asked to write "true" or "false" as suited the following assertions:

1. Every one who joins the Rotary Club is a 100 per cent Rotarian.
2. Rotary demands less thought than action.
3. It is no one's concern how a Rotarian "runs" his business.
4. The ethical ideals of Rotary can never be fully realized in the life and business of a Rotarian.
5. There are many good Rotarians outside of Rotary.
6. Every member of the Sheboygan Rotary Club does all he possibly can to make this club a real Rotary club.
7. The fifth principle of Rotary is more important than the third.
8. Rotary contributes more than it exacts from its members.
9. The spirit of Rotary is not an accomplishment but a growth.
10. The biggest word in Rotary is fellowship. My definition of Rotary is _____ (a premium on brevity).

Promotes Interests of Young People

BISBEE, ARIZONA. — Many of the things done by the Rotary Club of Bisbee are similar to those done by Rotary clubs elsewhere. However, this club has developed a number of junior interests which might prove suitable for other communities. Among these are the junior lyceum course, the back-to-school movement, and the high-school radio club all of which have been given moral support or something more tangible.

Organize Six Scout Troops At Industrial School

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. — In January, 1925, the boy's work committee of Nashville Rotary organized a Scout

troop at the Tennessee Industrial School. Rotarians served as Scout leaders and the success of this troop led to the organization of three more during that year. Since there was no appropriation for uniforms Rotarians outfitted the four troops at a cost of \$1,000. These four troops spent two weeks in the summer camp maintained by the Nashville Council of Scouts. The trustworthiness of the boys even when freed from the strict discipline of the industrial school was illustrated when all of the 120 Scouts returned to the school of their own accord. Scouts from the institution again spent two weeks in camp in 1926, and Nashville Rotary financed one week of their stay. Within the last few months two additional troops have been registered, the entire six troops including more than half of the boys of Scout age in the industrial school. These troops are entirely under Rotary leadership.

Hold Attendance Contest, And Inter-city Meets

CASEY, ILLINOIS.—The local Rotarians recently completed a series of inter-city meetings in which five Rotary clubs participated. In all these meetings the visitors, who came from within a radius of forty miles, put on the program of their own choice.

There is also an attendance contest in progress between the Rotarians of Casey and of Marshall. The club winning this three months' contest will retain a stand of flags for the next three months.

Both of these activities have stimulated attendance, have increased interest.

Record of Visitors Gives Interesting Figures

WINNIPEG, CANADA.—From the Rotary "Whizz" published by the Winnipeg Rotary club we glean this: "Since our first meeting in July, when we started keeping a record of visiting Rotarians, to the end of October, we have been visited by no less than 142 Rotarians representing 50 clubs including Hamilton, Bermuda; Florida; West Virginia; Texas; Missouri; Prince Rupert, B. C.; Fredickton, N. B.; Illinois; Toronto, Ont.; Quebec, P. Q.; Belfast, Ireland; and every club in our own district. All of which, your reception committee thinks, speaks well for the popularity of "the mother club of Canadian Rotary."

Better Service By Increased Overhead!

MIAMI, ARIZONA. — "Service Above Self" was literally demonstrated at a recent meeting of Rotary Club No. 874.

While the members sat around a table in the center of the tank house in the bleaching plant of a local copper mine, a five-ton crane served as tea-wagon, or more accurately as luncheon buffet. Sandwiches and pie packed in regulation miners' lunch boxes were hitched to the bottom of the crane and removed as the huge conveyor passed slowly over the heads of the crowd. At the conclusion of the meal it made another trip to pass around the cigars.

Small Club Entertains Grain Growers

ACKLEY, IOWA.—The Rotary club of Ackley is comparatively new and has but 16 members. But at a regular luncheon held in December covers were laid for 42. The special guests were officers and directors of the Four County Grain Improvement Association, then holding its Four County Show, speakers brought to Ackley for that occasion, and judges of the exhibits. A turkey dinner, interesting addresses, and peppy singing, made this luncheon a memorable one.

Past Governor Dies: Luncheon Called Off

ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.—There was no luncheon of Asheville Rotary on December 23rd, though that was the regular meeting day. For on that day the club heard of the sudden death of Past District Governor Fred Kent, chairman of the city's Christmas Cheer fund, and the lunch was called off—the luncheon fees of \$110 being added to the Cheer fund as a memorial. The Optimist Club followed suit. He was identified with many business concerns and a tireless worker in public causes. An apoplectic stroke incurred while on his way to confer with the Governor about improvements in public transportation, caused his death and set his city mourning. "For the past few years Mr. Kent dedicated practically every spare moment of his time to some form of public service" said the Asheville Citizen in an editorial.

Lose Two Prominent Members On the Same Day

PORTLAND, OREGON.—Harry Joyce, who rose from a section hand to one of the best-known restaurant men in Oregon, passed quietly away while on a convention trip. Though he never held any high offices in Rotary, he was known to many visiting Rotarians from various lands—for he was always ready to entertain them. His club, which lost another member, Will Deaver, on the same day, seeks consolation in the memory of weekly fellowship with two exceptional men.



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The Story of William Claffy

As told by a member of the Rotary Club of Ann Arbor, Michigan

THIS story should be called "Youth," and it deserves the pen of a Joseph Conrad, for it is a record of the same faith in the eternal goodness of things, the same zest for life as a great adventure,—the courage, the enthusiasm, the joy and optimism that has made the little mate of the old Judea a pathetic symbol of the spirit of young manhood. It is the story of a fight against a physical disability and so perhaps not inappropriately told at this time when the handicapped and crippled are so much in our thought. Since it is the story of one of our own club's protégés, it is in its official aspects really a report of the returns on an investment made some months ago by some of our club members.

At nineteen, William Claffy was just a good average American boy with a strong young body, an alert mind, and the ambition to become a teacher. Perhaps if it hadn't been for his smile and a certain vibrant quality in his voice, this story would have had a different sequel, but as if to compensate him for the blows of circumstance in store for him, nature had given him a charm of person that won him friends. From his fourteenth year he had fought his way alone, until at last by a curious chain of circumstances, he had established himself as football coach and part-time teacher, part-time normal student in a school in the South.

In one of the games late in the fall, he suffered a severe injury to his shoulder. The small-town doctor diagnosed it as a dislocation and treated it accordingly. After months of helplessness with his arm still paining and evidently growing daily worse, he had to give up his school work and try to get back home. To be sure there was no home awaiting his return, but somehow the homing instinct of a hurt creature made him feel that, if he could only get back to Michigan, someone would know what to do for his arm. Of course his instinct was right, for, although it was a long, hard way to come for a boy with no money, he finally found the help he needed. It was two years, though, before he was directed to the University of Michigan Hospital. During that time he supported himself by doing anything a boy with only one arm could do. He smiled his way and sang his way into the hearts of people who interested themselves in him until at last some one was intelligent enough to see that expert attention

might still recover for him the use of his helpless arm. And so he came at last to the University Hospital.

The doctors soon saw that the old neglected fracture—for it had been no mere dislocation—had become tubercular, but with a vigorous young body there was still hope. So for two years William Claffy lay in the air and sunshine of the tubercular ward; and nurses, and internes, and doctors, and fellow-patients all loved him for his smile and his unfailing cheer. He seemed never to suffer a moment's depression nor a moment's fear for the future. His sickness was a great adventure, and his face was always eager with the confidence that he was getting well. It is difficult to give any idea of the contagion of his courage. His two years in the tubercular ward radiated a sunshine that inspired new hope in many a discouraged fellow-patient.

ONE day last fall there came into Claude Drake's office at the Quarry Drug Store a rather frail-looking young man with an address and personal presence so pleasing as to command instant attention. He was neatly dressed and well groomed. He told the following story: His name was William Claffy. After two years of treatment at the University Hospital he was now well enough to be dismissed, but the doctors told him he must get into a dry southern climate,—Arizona, if possible, and he had been directed to Mr. Drake as a good Rotarian for advice.

A little tactful inquiry brought out the fact that this good-looking young man of twenty-three who was about to face the world again with a body almost healed of its malady, but still too frail for heavy work, had not one dollar of money, had not one garment save the cotton trunks which he wore in the fresh air ward,—no shoes, no hat,—nothing but his body as God gave it to him and the skill of the doctors had repaired it for him. His chum—Ernie, who had lain in the cot next to his for two years and who had become his Pelides, had lent him his clothes and shoes so that he might make his call on Mr. Drake. It rather makes one gasp to think of it, but William was neither abashed nor abased by it. He not only held his head up with perfect self-respect, but he was positively radiant with the joy of having a chance again to adventure forth into the world.

He was full of plans. The doctors

suggested that, if he and Ernie who was to be dismissed fortunately at the same time, could get an old car, they might make their way south by easy stages, working their way as they went, and thus keep in the open air and sunshine until at last they could win their way to the milder climate of Arizona. Ernie's brother had given him the suit of clothes and fifty dollars. So they planned that William could wear the clothes and go each day to the clerical job in the Registrar's office which he had just secured till he could make enough to buy himself a suit, and then they would start off together, if they could find an old car for Ernie's fifty dollars. Wouldn't it be a wonderful adventure for them both?

Claude Drake admits it made him dizzy to think about it. He should have advised discretion, but William's confidence and courage and enthusiasm quite swept him off his feet. He told the amazing story to some of the other Rotarians, and within a few weeks, William had a suit, and work clothes; the boys had salvaged an old car from the junk dealer, the Rotary Club had given them ten dollars for their immediate use besides helping them in various ways to outfit themselves for their journey and off they started.

The little Ford had been painted with "Rotary Club" on one side and "Hospital Social Service" on the other. Then in a spirit of fun the boys had covered the car with the signatures of their friends,—nurses, internes, fellow-patients, Rotarians, and others. They carried with them also letters of introduction to the Rotary clubs all along their itinerary. Our secretary also wrote ahead to all the clubs asking the Rotarians to lend the boys a hand, and especially to help them get work suited to their limited strength.

WHAT a story the record of their trip would make! They have written to Claude Drake with great appreciation of the help he and others here gave them, and always through the boyish letters there ran the spirit of youth, the courage and the joy of the struggle. They are at Texarkana now, and Claude has in view for them both a position at Tucson. So they are soon to reach their goal. The following letter just received is very characteristic:

DEAR MR. DRAKE: Are in Texarkana and expect to be here for two or three weeks. The battery in the car is shot which means an expense of about \$6.00. We had to fix the front spring, too, so that leaves us practically broke. Oh, yes, we have had to buy our first tire. One of them went to pieces,—our last spare. Wages are low and work scarce, but we'll have to get by some way. Oh, well, opposition makes the man, and we certainly are getting ours.

Later: Things are beginning to pick up for us since I wrote this last. A week ago Tuesday, through Mr. Brown, secretary of the Rotary Club here, Ernie and I were invited up to the regular luncheon of the club. We had a fine meal, met some fine men and enjoyed a good time.

But the Rotary, owing to slack times, had not been able to help us get any employment.

Several of the members at the luncheon wanted to take up a collection to assist us. But I—imagine it—got up before the assembly and (say, talk of stage-fright) told them that we couldn't accept charity as we wanted to work our way through and be able to keep our heads up.

After waiting five or six days without results, I went foraging this morning and lined myself up for a "position." I am the new bellboy at the Grim Hotel. Started to work at 7 o'clock this evening. It is now 2 o'clock Tuesday morning and I have already collected \$2.15 in tips. They don't pay any salary—just your tips. But as labor down here gets only \$2.25 for 8 to 10 hours work, you see I really have a "position." I expect to be here a month at least. The car will cost us about \$20 before we can leave in good shape and we need a little surplus. Ernie is working with



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Thanking you for your past kindness and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Sincerely your friend,

WILLIAM CLAFFY.

And so for William Claffy a new chapter begins—a story of youth's way of winning against great odds. Cynics may scoff and laugh. Critics may question the efficiency of dealing with just

"one boy." "It's the whole problem which must be dealt with," they will say. Well, the Rotary club will agree as to the importance of the problem—no gainsaying that—but—and here's the point, can we afford to overlook the boy or girl on our own doorstep, just because there are others around the corner? After all, our William Claffys may be tremendously important cogs in the scheme of the universe. Who knows?

Educated Birds of Passage

(Continued from page 20)

ing the designing schemes of chauvinists and exploiters of race prejudice. They never faltered on the side of forbearance, faith in the fair-play of America, and peace among nations.

Here the student hardly touches national life. But in Europe and Latin America, he is the standard-bearer of new thoughts, champion of lost causes, the person willing to die for an ideal. In Poland he has been working for a generation to keep nationalism alive. In China he is the outstanding factor in his country's emancipation. No wonder he finds it difficult to understand the irresponsibility of American students in political matters!

If his influence before he came to America was great, it is even greater on his return. Then he was young and inexperienced. Now he is mature and trained. Then he was narrow. Now he is world-minded. Here he mingled not only with Americans, but with students of all nations. He looked into their faces, read their thoughts, sympathized with their aims and aspirations.

No country is as ridden with caste as India. The Brahmin does not mingle with the others. Yet at the University of Illinois I have seen Hindus of different caste mix, and one of them, in explaining the circumstance to me, said that he was in America, and that if he were in India such would never happen. America's democratic approach is paving the way for racial good will.

Out of all proportion to their numbers, returned students wield great influence on their governments, particularly in the field of foreign affairs. You have only to take a trip round the world, and seldom will you fail to find a prominent statesman in Asia,

Latin-America, Eastern or Southwestern Europe who has not studied at one of the higher seats of learning in America, Great Britain, France, or Germany.

The large part in Chinese diplomacy played by returned students is well known. The first cabinet of the Provincial Republic of China had three American-trained students. Wellington Koo, who put China on the map at the Peace Conference, is a Columbia man. Ex-Premiers W. W. Yen and C. H. Wang are American products. The former Minister of Finance, Lo Wen-kan, is British-trained. C. C. Wang, president of the Chinese Eastern Railway, is a Yale alumnus. David Yui, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in China, is from Harvard.

Japanese diplomacy in the last 40 years is largely the fruit of occidental contact, and some of the guiding spirits were men who were educated abroad. Prince Ito, a British alumnus, is a notable example. One of Japan's richest men, Kyuya Iwasaki, studied at the University of Pennsylvania. The head of the great firm that bears his name, Hachiroemon Mitsui, was a student at Rutgers. Inajiro Tajiri, who has presided over the Japanese Bureau of Public Debts, is a Yale graduate.

Among the first students from the Philippines who studied abroad were Dr. Jose Rizal, Marcelo H. del Pilar, Juan Luna, whose deeds among their people are not only written in books but also in the hearts of their countrymen.

In Latin America, where America has its greatest capital investment, the returned students are exerting economic and political influence in all walks of life. Former President Lefebvre of Panama, former President Menocal of

Cuba, former President Errazuriz of Chile are some specific instances. The general manager of the Porto Rico Railway, Light, and Power Company, one of the largest corporations on the Island, is a graduate of Lehigh.

WHAT is true of the friendship fostered by the students from other lands is equally true of American students who go to France, England, and other countries for advanced work. France, whose summer courses at Paris, Grenoble, Besancon, and other centers are highly developed, accommodates about 700 Americans during the regular term. A majority are on exchange scholarships with American institutions.

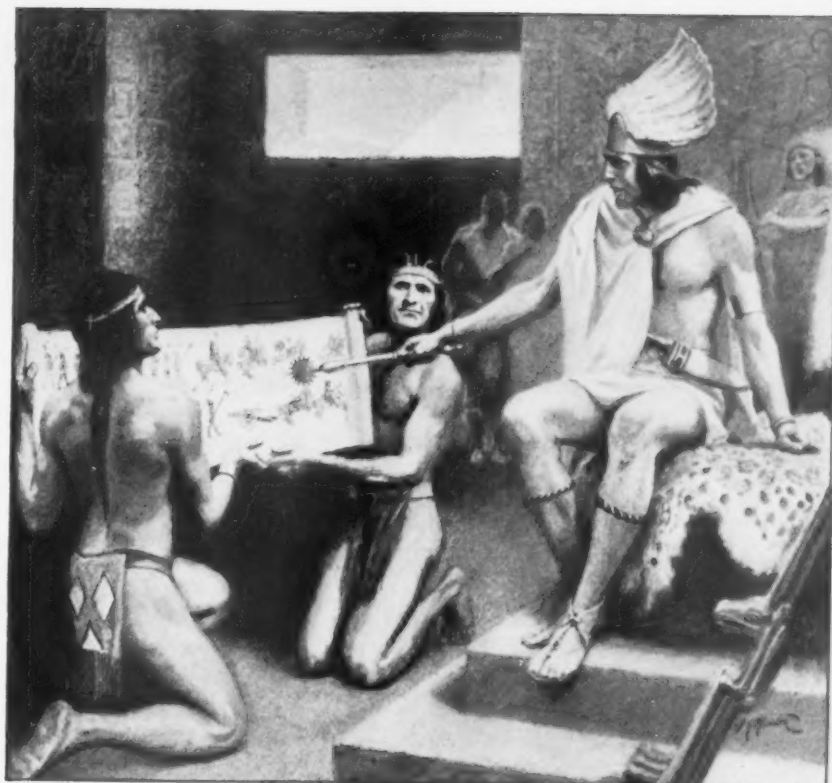
British seats of learning, which attract only a sprinkling of Americans but a big percentage from India, are best known in the United States for the Rhodes scholarships established since 1902 at Oxford. The plan provides for the support at Oxford, for a term of three years each, of 175 scholars from British dominions and the United States. The liberating effect of being smoked upon by the college dons was lately enhanced when the Harmsworth Chair of American History was tendered to Professor Robert McElroy of Princeton, now an Oxford spokesman of the international mind.

A number of exchange fellowships are in operation between America and Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, a plan of distinct value in promoting international understanding. Many scholarships in America are available to students from designated countries. About forty scholarships, industrial, scientific, traveling, are open to Scandinavian students, largely through the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Many Chinese students come to America as a result of the Boxer Indemnity Fund. The American Chamber of Commerce in Mexico founded in 1920 the Mexican-American Scholarship Foundation. Vassar, Smith, Mount Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, women's colleges, have special scholarships for foreign girls. A Rotary scholarship among foreign students is needed to give point to Rotary world ideals.

The students of the world are highly organized. They have the World's Chinese Student Federation at Shanghai, the Federacion Internacional de Estudiantes in Mexico City, the World Federation of Education Associations in San Francisco, all working towards international peace and goodwill.

The Association of Corda Fratres, or Cosmopolitan Clubs, is, perhaps, the best known. Corda Fratres was founded in Rome in 1898. It was augmented at the Hague Congress in 1909 when



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it was joined by the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs which was born at the University of Wisconsin in 1903. The Cosmopolitans, which have about forty chapters on American campuses, have as their motto: "Above all nations is humanity." They are leaders of international thought, and constitute a fertile recruiting field for cosmopolitan speakers at Rotary luncheons.

A recent development is the Inter-collegiate Cosmopolitan Club of New York City with over a thousand active members from sixty-five lands and representing fifty-seven colleges and professional schools in Manhattan. Headquarters is "International House" on Riverside Drive opposite Grant's Tomb—a miniature world of all races, nationalities, religions living under one roof.

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of two and a half million dollars, was opened in 1924—the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. There are dormitories for 400 men and 125 women, and every facility for social and athletic activities. The inscription carved over its main entrance—"That Brotherhood May Prevail"—bears testimony to its program of international service free from educational, religious, or political bias.

Just a final word to Rotarians when they are applying their motto, "Service Above Self," by meeting student friends from other lands. Keep in mind:

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Introduce them as "Mr. Wu from China," not "Mr. Wu, a Chinese."

Among Our Letters

(Continued from page 35)

many Rotarians of various countries acting as Godfathers and their wives as Godmothers to the children of other Rotarians in other countries. This would certainly be a strong link in the chain that is bound to make "ROTARY" a united and happy family, all over the world.

EDOUARD NYSENS,

Secretary, Rotary Club of Antwerp, Belgium.

Rich Man's Club?

EDITOR, THE ROTARIAN:

Is there danger of Rotary becoming a rich man's club, or worse, a club in which there are two classes—an aristocracy of members based upon their ability to pay large fines, and a democracy made up of the men of small means whose circumstances prevent their participation in heavy fines?

In every club in Rotary there is approximately the same mixture of wealthy or high-salaried men on the one hand, and on the other, men who are either just getting their start toward prosperity or whose salaries are not quite adequate to meet the heavy demands made upon them. To hold the high position of influence which it has so far maintained, Rotary must continue to consolidate groups of both types. In many cases it is the man who is still struggling toward success who is the best Rotarian in the sense of putting things over; he has not yet reached the point where effort is irksome and where love of the approbation of his fellows is minimized by the fact that he "has arrived."

There is sometimes a tendency in a club to take on rather too many expensive projects to be financed by its own membership—to put too much of its own capital behind projects for civic improvement and worthy charities, rather than to help along such projects by the strong moral support which always lies within the power of a Rotary club. As a result, many clubs find themselves cramped for funds to carry on more of such projects, as yearly dues are generally kept quite low to permit the less fortunate fellows to sit in without a large bank account. This often necessitates a rather extensive use of the fine box, with some pre-arranged jokes designed to give the more affluent members an opportunity to do their bit.

Fines are a source of good fun in Rotary, and I do not believe that they should ever become a source of embarrassment or of class consciousness. There is just as much fun in a "two-bit" assessment as in a ten-dollar one, and it would seem much more in keeping with the spirit of Rotary if the men who can afford to raise the limit would do so out of meeting. All honor to those who have plenty and who give unstintingly of that plenty, but more honor to them if they do it privately. Many a man parts willingly with ten cents with more sacrifice than a fellow-member who laughingly hands over ten dollars, but the cheers are always for the giver of large gifts.

I have talked with different types of men on this subject, and while there is a uniformly friendly attitude, it is

very plain that there is also a consciousness of something out of joint. As one fellow-member expressed it, "you can't quite feel on intimate terms with a millionaire if you are constantly reminded of the difference in your fortunes."

Rotary's ideal is a democracy of membership, and when any agency tends to disturb that spirit of equality toward which she aims, it is tending to break down one of the strongest bonds of that true fellowship which has made the Rotary clubs of the world unique. There is no more dangerous rock in the course of this fine fellowship, in my estimation, than that of financial inequality. The moment that Rotary becomes a rich man's club, its influence will be lessened and its membership will deteriorate. Fellowship which makes possible the first-name acquaintance which always should sur-

vive in Rotary cannot thrive upon divisions of class or of creed, and a too-systematic use of the fine box cannot fail to be the innocent cause of a very definite division.

In spite of the utmost care in the selection of members, in nearly every club there are a certain number of Babbitts, and the best way of reforming them and of making them over into real Rotarians, shearing them of any Babbittical tendencies and class-consciousness, is, in my humble opinion, by an impartial assessment of fines, for fun and not for profit. Let Rotary continue to back every worthy project which needs backing, but let the support be moral and not financial; let Rotary's leadership be that of personal interest and example rather than of donations and receipted bills.

LEO WAGNER,
San Jose, Calif.

Points of Friction

(Continued from page 28)

lives," confesses Neal O'Hara of the *New York Evening World*. "I honestly enjoy that. Fundamentally, I suppose, the columnist today is doing the work of Addison and Swift in the *Spectator*, although I am the last man to try to link his and his confreres' names with that immortal pair."

Having inquired of the columnists what they are doing, Mr. Davis quotes freely to show how they do it. And since the better columnists wield a droll and pungent pen, the book takes on the flavor of their work and becomes in part a symposium of their cleverness. Surely if you follow the "columns" in any of the great dailies in America you will find here some example from your favorite.

The author brings to the more serious side of his task a style of his own that is decidedly pleasing. His estimate of the importance of the column and its future possibilities is so convincing that one lays the book aside with a new respect for this latest development of journalism. Even the rather hopeless task of picking to pieces the stuff of which columns are made, which the author undertakes for the sake of the would-be columnist, is rendered less dull by his energetic treatment. It must be confessed that to the average reader these portions gain their greatest charm through their brevity, for they constitute the least amusing part of what is really a most readable book.

Making of the Modern Mind

By John Herman Randall, Jr. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Here we have a substantial work of authentic scholarship that makes no pretense to win popular approval but that by that very token will find a large public among those who cherish an ambition for accurate information and guidance. It is apparently a first book by a young Ph.D. who teaches philosophy at Columbia University. What a promising beginning.

"The Making of the Modern Mind" is a successful attempt to show, largely in the language of the "makers" themselves, how our mental outlook, political ideas, religious dogmas, and spiritual aspirations came into existence. It enables us to understand why we think the thoughts we do think and nurse the hopes we do nurse. It is a worthy task worthily done. A serious book for serious-minded readers.

The Practice of the Principles of Jesus

By William P. King. Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn.

This book by a Rotarian sounds the authentic note of the modern spirit, both in its understanding of religion and the application of religion to life. It is not too progressive or liberal, but it manages to reach heights of real power. There is an interesting and delightful mixture of hard thinking, fine illustrations, and choice quotations. The author quite obviously is striving

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after excellence of life and leadership in his own career, and he has transcribed his experience on the printed page. It is a noble effort, the execution of which is distinctly above the average.

In the chapter on Orthodoxy and Obedience, Dr. King writes: "The test of character is in what we do. In the 'Merchant of Venice' Portia says: 'If to do good were as easy as to know what were good to be done, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.' It is a good divine that follows his own instructions, etc.,—it is then that one feels like suggesting that the Kingdom of Heaven needs advocates as well as builders. It strikes the present reviewer that this author has put himself in the forefront of the group of advocates.

The Life and Times of Cleopatra

By Arthur Weigall. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The name, "Cleopatra," has for centuries been a synonym for wickedness. To many it has been nothing more. The cunning queen of Egypt is generally supposed to have been the classic example of consummate skill in the feminine arts of subtle love-making and wily seduction while at the same time she is also supposed to have been the world's great voluptuary. Arthur Weigall sets out to vindicate the *petit* queen. In his book Cleopatra has won at last an able champion. His chivalry is so joined to a mastery of historical learning as to give point and effect to

his unrelenting argument on behalf of the queen.

One wishes at times, as he reads Weigall's interesting narrative, that the argument were not quite so unrelenting. It borders on special pleading and makes the story drag unnecessarily.

It's a great story, none the less. In it the familiar figures of Caesar, Antony, Augustus, and Cleopatra appear in unfamiliar dress. The first three are decidedly the worse for Weigall's sartorial efforts and the queen also decidedly the better. Caesar becomes a malign and sinister figure who seduces the wives of his friends, murders his followers at will, courts Cleopatra successfully and pursues with striking persistence the erection of the Roman Empire; Antony is a man without morals, a buffoon and a weakling who rose to heights quite out of proportion to his abilities; Augustus is a cruel, scheming, immoral, brutal tyrant who, even for that age, appears dark though very successful. Cleopatra gains most decidedly from the advocacy of the author. She becomes a charming, magnetic figure whose passion runs away with her but never very far. She is almost always conscious of the end she is after and that end is also always the welfare and independence of Egypt together with a queen's throne in an Egypto-Roman empire or, failing that, a king's sceptre in the same Empire for her son, by Julius Caesar, Caesarion. She gains at last only an asp's sting. But read the story for yourself.

Talking It Over

(Continued from page 32)

you mean this town boosting business, all I can say is, we do not all agree on the advisability of doing it, and I cannot answer your objection, but when you say we are not doing anything you only convince me that you neither understand nor appreciate what your club is doing."

"If it is doing anything worth while, I have never heard of it."

"Let's see, Mac, have you ever held any office in the club?"

"Only a member of the board of directors. That was the second year of the club."

"Did you advocate the same things when you held that office that you do now?"

"Yes, I did, and I could not get any support from anyone. At the end of my term I was defeated for re-election, but I am still fighting for the same civic improvements, and I am going to continue to do so."

"Well, Mac, I admire a good fight, and you are always at it, but don't you think the majority of the club have a right to their opinions?"

"Yes, Bill, they have, but I still feel that we are not getting any place and we might as well quit."

"Do you ever stop to wonder, Mac, if your zeal for civic improvements, and your opposition to the prevailing sentiments of the majority is not blinding you to the real work of the club?"

"No, I don't. I believe I know what is going on in this little community and as far as I can see we are not doing anything. It's all right for you fellows to get up and indulge in high flown oratory about ethical standards, but all it amounts to is oratory. We make speeches about service above self, loving your neighbor, giving him a square deal, etc., but who pays any attention to it?"

"Do you, Mac?"

"Oh, you know I conduct my business in an honest and decent manner, and give full value, but so do all the other leading business houses in the community. In fact they do in nearly every town I visit, Bill, so we can't take any credit for that."

"But you remember a time when business was not done in that manner, don't you?"

"Yes, of course, but times have changed; that is all there is to that."

Mac was determined and purposed to stick to it.

"Did you ever notice that the changed conditions have come about," said Bill, "in the time of the Rotary Club?"

"Yes, but so did the World War, but the Rotary Club was not responsible for it."

"TRUE enough, Mac, and your logic on that point is excellent, but there is more reason to give Rotary credit for the changed conditions of business and social life than there is to charge it with responsibility for the World War."

"It may be, Bill, but there is no evidence of it as far as I can see."

"Well, Mac, you belong to other clubs, lodges and societies; you mix with various business and social organizations, and you know pretty well the state of morals and affairs. While you and I know that the ethics of business and professional life have greatly improved, and at the time when Rotary is making its greatest efforts along that line, you recognize the fact that there is great improvement needed in the morals of people in general. You know that crimes are common, and talk is loose. As an illustration, do you recall that at social gatherings, men and women frequently vie with each other in seeing how bold they can be? You know the remarks men frequently make about passing women—other men's wives and daughters; now, in the social gatherings of Rotarians, did you ever know of men and women being too bold?"

"No, Bill, I do not remember of such an instance."

"All right, Mac, now let us examine the business and professional side of their lives. Do you remember that a few years ago, when you called a doctor, he was pretty apt to tell you that you must go to bed at once; that there were symptoms of a dangerous ailment, but that he had recently discovered a cure for it, and that you were fortunate in having called him instead of some other doctor; and when you were feeling like a race horse a few days later, he intimated he had performed a marvelous cure?"

"Yes, but I had forgotten we ever did have that type of humbug."

"Do you also remember that if you went to a dentist, he told you of the very expensive fillings he was putting into your teeth, and later on, when an-

other dentist took them out he told you it was the cheapest material that could be made to stay in the cavities?"

"Yes, but go on, Bill; I am beginning to get interested."

"You recall the old fashioned lawyer who took your case involving two hundred dollars, got you into an expensive lawsuit, and no matter what the outcome you never got any money?"

"Yes, I remember him real well, although I confess I had forgotten him."

"All of these fellows are gone from the community, or if not gone they have failed in their efforts to make a liv-

ing, and are no longer living off of the gullibility of mankind."

"Yes, but, Bill, why do you say the Rotary idea has anything to do with this changed condition?"

"Fair enough: you know I take care of the troubles of most of our fellows when they have to hire someone belonging to my profession. You always think of Jack Thompson as a very fine gentleman, do you not?"

"Yes, certainly I do—but, yes, I do remember a time when I was suspicious of him."

"All right, that makes it easy. I

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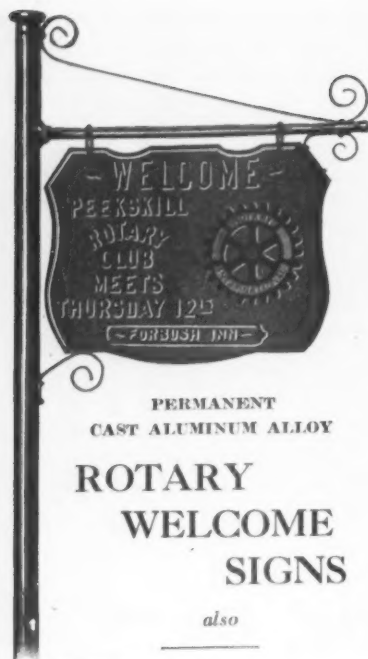
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took care of his affairs when he always wanted all the advantage he could get. No matter how much advantage I got for him in the business deal, he seemed to think he should have had more. He was so greedy—although always a good citizen, that I always counted it a misfortune when he wanted me to represent him. He became a Rotarian about three years ago, as no doubt you will remember. Now, a short time ago he and a stranger came to me to have a contract drawn, covering the largest business deal in which he was ever involved. It was prepared for him, and of course in his interest.

"Afterwards when the contract was being performed I pointed out the wording to him, showed him that its observance would mean a very large profit to him, and he immediately told me he would do nothing of the kind; that he never intended taking a profit on those items, and the other man would not be charged any such price as named in the contract. Now, you can call it religion, or a miracle, or whatever you will, but I know that this man is attempting to live up to Rotary ideals, and is succeeding in a greater measure than I had supposed."

"UNDOUBTEDLY you remember that in years gone by we had religious controversy, and that the followers of one faith patronized only certain business houses and their antagonists patronized other concerns."

"Yes, and I remember at one time we had some of that feeling in the club. One of our members resigned because he thought we ought to take sides openly against a secret organization. But the organization has just about ceased to exist in this community, now, so it does not mean anything."

"But, Mac, did you know that the prime mover in the organization to which you refer was at that time a newly made Rotarian?"

"No, is that possible? I remember that Charley Parker was supposed to be a member, but I did not know he was in any way at the head of it."

"Well, he was, and when things were at the worst, the board of directors of this club quietly convinced Charley that he ought to hand in his resignation as a member of the club."

"Oh, I always supposed he resigned because he intended leaving town."

"No, you have the cart before the horse; he left town because of his forced resignation and other quietly persuasive measures that were adopted."

"So that is what happened—and is the changed condition due to his having gone?"

"Yes, I think so, for there had to be someone of influence to keep it alive, and with broad-minded Rotarians in all of the leading business houses in town, it required a real leader. Charley could have been a leader if his efforts could have been properly directed."

"Say, Bill, tell me some more secrets."

"No, you have heard about all that is good for you. I might tell you a little about Ned Simpkins. You may remember that after becoming a Rotarian he was suspected of tricky methods of business."

"Yes, and I never understood how he could possibly change with the environment he had. In fact I have always believed in fairies since he made such an about-face in his business."

"I'll tell you just one more secret, Mac: It was the unpleasant duty of the president of your club to tell Ned he must either change his business methods or resign from Rotary."

"Well, I give up! and he's one of the most enthusiastic members of our club today."

"Yes, but you see we knew he had something in him when we took him into the club. The problem was simply a matter of developing the good that was in him, and correcting the bad qualities."

"Under the circumstances, don't you think that the evidence is strong enough to cause us to believe that Rotary did have something to do with the improved conditions in the community? When we meet, sing, talk and eat, slap each other on the backs as you say, but are all honest and open with each other, surely we are doing something worth while. When we uphold and insist upon cheerfulness, friendliness, courage, kindness and fair dealing, making it quite plain that our members must develop and retain these virtues, we are doing something for the community."

"When we cause our fellows to throw off the load they feel they are carrying on their shoulders, laugh, joke and be friendly; when we send them away from the meetings in a cheerful, clean and happy frame of mind, surely they reflect this condition in their homes, thus becoming better husbands and fathers, and in their business affairs, thus elevating the standards of their craft."

"After this club has done these things for several years, seeing the changed spirit of our members, to receive a letter from an officer of International saying there is no finer bunch of fellows in the world than in this club, would justly make you feel that the club is doing something worth while, even if it is not digging many sewers."

"Maybe you are right, Bill—there are not many sewer diggers in our club anyhow."



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Father

(Continued from page 17)

knees, and he saw Ted lean forward and gaze long into the weedy water before lowering his bent-pin hook into it. He saw Ted try this place and that place but catch no fish. He saw Ted give it up and lay the beech whip on the log and gaze off across the lake at the hills beyond, a poor, neglected, lonely little boy with no father to play with!

"Huh!" said Mr. Murch.

"What did you say, Edward?" asked Mrs. Murch.

"I didn't say anything," said Mr. Murch.

"I thought you said it was hot," said Mrs. Murch. "I think it is lovely and cool here."

MR. MURCH was still looking at Ted and his heart accused him of selfishness and indifference to the happiness of his boy. Ted, squatting on the log, pulled a wad of moss and rotted bark from the log and looked at the place from which he had taken it, poking the place with his finger. He pulled the moss to pieces, looking at it, and then hunched along on the log and took up his makeshift rod and tried fishing again, using something he had found in the moss as bait—possibly a small worm, possibly a snail.

"Does Ted like to fish?" Mr. Murch asked, putting down the glasses.

"I don't think he ever speaks of fishing," said Mrs. Murch.

"I'm going to teach him to fish," said Mr. Murch.

Now and then when the subject had come up Mr. Murch had talked of the fishing he had done when he was a boy. Such talks had been while sitting on the porch of the cottage when other cottagers had visited the Murch cottage and the men were smoking their pipes or cigars.

"I certainly do remember going fishing when I was a boy," Mr. Murch would say. "As a matter of fact my folks could hardly keep me away from the river—every Saturday as regular as clockwork until school closed and then practically every day all summer. Yes, sir! And we did catch some pretty good fish in that river, too."

"What kinds of fish were in the river?" the visitor would ask.

"Well," Mr. Murch would say, "we had perch and catfish and sunfish and pickerel and pike and bass—"

"Black bass?"

"Yes, black and striped too."

"Big-mouth black or little mouth?"

"Ah—big mouth," Mr. Murch would say although, of course, he could not really remember that, not having known when a boy that there were two

kinds of black bass and having forgotten now that he had never caught any black bass at all. Because fathers do not lie about the fish they caught when they were boys—they merely mislay the facts, leaving empty places into which other facts crawl while they are asleep or in Chicago. Mr. Murch honestly believed he had been a tremendous fisher-lad when a boy. Nearly all men except those born and raised on tops of mountain peaks or in middles of sandy deserts do believe they were amazing fisher-lads when they were boys.

Mr. Murch when a boy had thought his father was the greatest and finest man in the world; Ted knew his father was.

That evening Mr. Murch asked Ted if he went fishing there at the lake.

"No, sir," Ted said. "Well, not much, anyway. Coupla times I went when Joe and Jimmy and Horace went but we didn't get anything but a coupla them red-eye rock bass—little ones."

"Don't say 'them bass'; say 'those bass'."

"Those bass," said Ted obediently.

"What were you doing this afternoon, down there on that log?" asked Mr. Murch.

"Oh, down there on that log?" said Ted uncomfortably. "You mean down there on that log?"

"Yes, down on that log," said Mr. Murch. "Weren't you fishing?"

"I was just fooling around, sort of," said Ted, blushing. "I wasn't—well—just went down there."

"It's all right!" said Mr. Murch hurriedly. "I'm not scolding you. But next Saturday I'm going to take you fishing. I'm going to get a couple of rods and some tackle and you and I will go fishing."

"Oh, but—" said Doris and then was quiet.

"What now?" asked Mr. Murch looking at her.

"She just means," said Mrs. Murch, "that next Saturday is the day Mrs. Van Dorsen is having the water-picnic on the lake. But that doesn't matter at all, Edward; the girls can get another boat somewhere. Yes, you can, Dorothy; you can certainly find another boat somewhere. Very well, then, if you can't you can stay home from the picnic! I am not going to have your father think—"

The week was a rather unhappy one for Ted as far as his sisters were concerned for they blamed him for the boat, but they finally arranged to pack themselves into other boats and Ted certainly was happy in the thought of

going fishing with his father. He was joyous with pride and told all his young friends.

"My father is going to go fishing with me," he said to all of them. "I bet he knows how to fish better than your father does."

"Aw, he does not! My father knows better than your father does."

"He does not so! My father fished all the time when he was a boy," Ted bragged. "He fished every day."

That Friday night Mr. Murch was awaited by a mighty eager young man. Ted was down at the foot of the slope below the cottage half an hour before his mother started for the station in the car, and he opened the door of the car and reached for the paper-wrapped bundle almost before the returning car stopped.

"Oh, boy!" he cried joyously as he saw the ends of the joints of the rods that had worked through the paper.

"Just go easy with that, son, until you get to the cottage," Mr. Murch said. "There are hooks and things in that bundle; I don't want you getting them stuck into you."

He did let Ted carry the bundle to the cottage, however, and he felt better and more chummy already. He realized that he had made a big mistake in not being a boy with his boy.

"If there's anything we haven't got in this bundle in the fishing line, old son," he said merrily, "I want somebody to tell me. When we fish we fish!"

"Oh, boy!" Ted exclaimed. He was thoroughly excited.

After dinner when the table was cleared Mr. Murch and Ted opened the bundle. There was a great amount of work to be done, it seemed, to prepare for Saturday's sport. The fish-line was on spools and it had to be put on the reels. At first Mr. Murch was going to insist that Ted hold the spools while he turned the reel handles himself but he remembered that he was being his son's playfellow and he let Ted do the reeling. This made Mr. Murch feel fine, and when Ted got a snarl in one of the lines and Mr. Murch untangled it with a few deft pulls here and there Ted knew that his father was unquestionably the greatest man on earth.

The rods, although but cheap ones, were beautiful, too, and the reels were lovely. Mr. Murch had bought a good assortment of fishing tackle in addition to the rods and reels and these had to be sorted out and put into empty cigar boxes. There were imitation minnows with dozens of hooks strung on their sides and attached to their tails in gangs of four; there were white plugs with gangs of hooks on them; there were imitation frogs and brass spinners and silver spinners, all with gangs of four hooks.

"Geel!" cried Ted. "I bet we're going to get some whopping big ones!"

Mr. Murch did not get the inference at all, which was that no one who fished in that lake dared go after as big fish as Mr. Murch was evidently going to catch. No one dared use such hooks or such big spinners or such big artificial minnows. Being less expert than Mr. Murch's boyhood fishing had made him, none of the others dared fish for fish that needed such extra heavy fishline or snell hooks with quadruple twisted gut snells.

Mr. Murch was properly proud of the fishing tackle and he explained it piece by piece, telling Ted what the salesman had told him about it.

"This," he said, showing Ted a most peculiar construction that was painted red and yellow with black spots, "is what they call a Oomtowakka Wiggler. It gets the big ones; it gets them when the other fellows don't get even a bite. I got two of them; one for you and one for me."

"Oh, boy!" Ted exclaimed.

"Don't get your fingers stuck on the hooks," said Mr. Murch.

"No, sir," said Ted.

"Ouch!" said Mr. Murch, getting one of his fingers stuck on one of the hooks.

THE next morning Ted could not sleep and was up at an hour when the sun was still in bed and as he had nothing else to do he got the electric torch and went out and gathered in a few "night-crawlers"—the big fat angle-worms that hide by day, going down where no spade can reach them. He nabbed twenty of them before the sun arose and drove them to their holes and he put them in a can and stood them on the edge of the porch. Night-crawlers were what the big boys used when they fished in the lake; they caught sunfish and red-eye rock-bass with them when luck was with them and the pesky perch did not clean their hooks the moment they were put into the water. He felt rather ashamed to be bothering with such a babyish thing as worm-bait when his father was going to take him fishing but he felt the fishingest he had ever felt and he had to be doing something fishy and there did not seem to be anything else to do until his father appeared.

Mr. Murch appeared just before breakfast, standing on the back porch for a wash-off in the tin basin, and he hailed Ted.

"Hello there, chum!" he called cheerily, as one pal to another. "Great day for our fishing!"

"Yes, sir," said Ted, and he was glad to hear his father say it was a good day for fishing because he had been wondering whether his father would go fishing that day. It was evident, however, that the fellows at the lake knew nothing whatever about real



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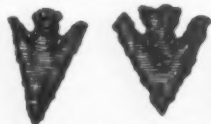
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fishing; a real fisherman like Ted's father knew the best sort of day, and a day that was brilliantly clear and without a sign of a breeze was evidently the best sort of day. Ted stored that knowledge away for future use—a still and bright day on which the sun would beat down like fire was the best day for fishing.

Mr. Murch ate his breakfast in comfortable leisure and Mrs. Murch took her time in preparing a lunch for she prepared the picnic lunch for Doris and Dorothy at the same time. Mr. Murch was in no hurry. He drove to the station village for the morning paper and read it after his return, and by ten o'clock he was ready to go fishing. He carried one rod and one oar of the boat and Ted carried the other.

"What's that?" he asked as he saw the tin can that Ted carried.

"Well, I got some worms," Ted said.

"I was up pretty early this morning and I got some worms. I thought maybe—"

"Sure! That's all right," said Mr. Murch genially. "Maybe we'll do some worm fishing, too. That's the right idea, Ted; always be prepared for whatever may happen and then—Say! I forgot my pipe! Run back and get my pipe, will you, son? And my tobacco. And say—hey, Ted!—get a handful of cigars."

Ted got them.

"Look here," Mr. Murch said, "we can't have this dog with us. We can't have a dog piling all over the boat. Take him back and tie him up."

TED took the dog back and chained him and the dog stood at the end of his chain and howled his sorrow. He did not seem to care much for son-and-father activities, this being the first time he had been forbidden to accompany Ted when Ted went away from the cottage, but a lively dog is not a good fishing companion, particularly not when the bottom of the boat is liable to be full of Oomtowakka Wigglers and other fish-snare with many wicked hooks. A man can't be all the time taking hooks out of dogs if he is to enjoy a chummy fishing excursion with his son.

Mr. Murch rowed the boat while Ted sat in the stern. Mr. Murch did not row very well, not having used oars for some forty years and the pickerel weed near the shore was standing high out of the water. The third time the left oar jumped out of the rowlock Mr. Murch stood up to take off his coat and the boat tipped suddenly. But Mr. Murch was quick and only one leg went into the water although the shank of that one was really rather badly skinned on the edge of the boat.

"Damn it!" said Mr. Murch quite seriously as he sat down suddenly on

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the box of tackle he had on the seat. "You noticed that, did you, Ted? Never stand up in a boat—never!"

"No, sir," said Ted. "Do you want I should row, papa?"

"I will row," said Mr. Murch. "I'll get the hang of it again in a minute. I used to be a dandy at it, but of course I haven't rowed for forty years or so. A man gets out of practice."

"Yes, sir," said Ted. "Maybe you'd better put your coat up on the seat; your cigars will get all wet."

They were all wet already, so Mr. Murch spread them on the other seat where, later, when he moved over to that seat, he sat on them. He rowed well out into the arm of the lake and stopped there. Ted looked over the side and saw the pickerel weed, huge forests of it, reaching up to just beneath the surface of the water. He saw, down in among the green, the little perch loafing in the shade of the pickerel weed leaves.

"We'll try it here," said Mr. Murch. "This looks like a good bass place."

"Yes, sir," said Ted, all his former notions of good bass places vanishing. He would have said this was a horrible place for fishing, one of the places where perch cleaned your hook instantly and you never caught anything but sunfish and then not until just before sunset. But father knew; father had been a great fisherman.

"We'll try the Oomtowakka Wiggles first, son," Mr. Murch said, putting his jointed rod together, "because I have great faith in them."

SO he put his reel on the rod wrong side to, so that it unreel when it should reel up, and reeled up when it should unreel. He then put a float or bobber on his line with the red end down when Ted had always suspected that the dark green end was meant to be down least the red scare the fish. This was evidently one of the fallacies of the ignorant amateurs: So, too, it seemed was the notion that a bobber was not to be used when a patent trolling or casting bait was used, because Mr. Murch used one. Below the bobber Mr. Murch then fastened a small lead sinker. Ted did the same, watching his father closely in order that he might space his bobber and sinker in the proper way as an expert spaced them. On the end of his line Mr. Murch then tied the Oomtowakka Wiggler, and on the end of his line Ted tied an Oomtowakka Wiggler.

"There!" exclaimed Mr. Murch. "Now for a fish!"

He raised his rod in the air and swung the Oomtowakka Wiggler back and forth a few times at the end of its line and made a violent over hand cast. The reel whirled; the Oomto-

wakka Wiggler seemed to have disappeared utterly.

"It got caught in your coat, I guess," Ted said, and it had indeed got caught in Mr. Murch's coat. The Oomtowakka Wiggler had five gangs of hooks, four hooks to the gang, and some eighteen of these twenty hooks had bit deep beyond their barbs into the back of Mr. Murch's coat. It was then that Mr. Murch moved over to the other seat and sat on the cigars. Eventually Mr. Murch cut three square inches out of the back of his coat with his penknife and whittled the shreds from the hooks. He then cast the Oomtowakka

Wiggler into the lake again, this time having better luck, for it sank deep and engaged a pickerel weed near the roots.

"Cuss it!" said Mr. Murch as he jiggled his rod and tried to free the Oomtowakka Wiggler.

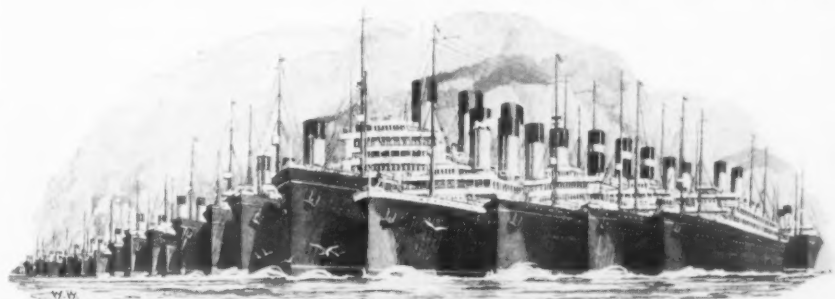
"It's pretty weedy here," said Ted.

"It's mostly all weeds all around here."

"Come out of there, you!" exclaimed Mr. Murch, giving the line a violent pull. The line came but the Oomtowakka Wiggler remained at the bottom of the lake.

"Did you have a fish on, papa?" asked Ted.

"I think we'll troll awhile," said Mr.



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Murch. "You can use that Wiggler if you want to, but I'm going to try one of these brass spinners for awhile. These spinners get some big ones."

"You can use my Wiggler if you want to," said Ted generously.

Mr. Murch, however, was searching in his box for a brass spoon and he made no mistake in tying to the end of his line this time. He put twelve hard knots in it. He then lowered the spoon over the side of the boat and reached for the oars, but he was on the wrong seat and had to change seats again. Ted kept his Wiggler out of the water. Mr. Murch took the oars and started the boat slowly and as it gained headway he heard the reel whirl with sudden vehemence.

"I've got him!" he cried and grasped his rod. He turned the handle of the reel rapidly and the line unwound. He took the reel in the other hand and used his left hand for the reel and the line grew taut, but it did not jiggle as a line does when a fish is snared.

"I guess you've got a weed," said Ted.

"Huh!" said Mr. Murch for he had indeed got a weed and a good one. He laid the rod in the boat and pulled on the line—pulled gently—and the boat backed up to the weed, backed over it, went on, stopped. Mr. Murch pulled. The weed, becoming hopeless, yielded and came up by the roots, bringing a wad of mud that clouded the water around it. Mr. Murch leaned over and disengaged the brass spinner's hooks and dropped the spinner back into the water. It immediately attached itself to another weed.

"It's pretty weedy here," Ted ventured to say.

Mr. Murch pulled that weed up by the roots.

"If I owned this lake," he said, "I'd rake these weeds out of it."

He laid the brass spinner on the seat in front and looked around the lake. In many places the pickerel weeds stood above the water in great fields but far over to the north, near the shore there seemed to be clear water.

"Don't put your line in yet, I'm going to row over there," he said.

"All right," Ted said obediently.

Mr. Murch rowed to the far side of the lake. Here the woods arose abruptly from the edge of the lake, climbing the hill, and there were no weeds in the water until fifty yards from the shore.

"This is something like it," said Mr. Murch cheerfully. "We'll troll here awhile."

He put his spinner in the water and

fed out quite a little line and took up the oars.

"You can put your Wiggler in," he said.

"Yes, sir," Ted said and he put his Wiggler overboard. It went to the bottom like a rock, assisted by the lead sinker. Mr. Murch pulled on the oars and almost immediately his reel began to hum again and Ted's reel joined it in singing. Mr. Murch had made one mistake in guessing he had a fish and this time he was more cautious.

"I don't suppose I've got a fish already!" he said, but hoping he had.

"No, sir," Ted said. "I guess there's a lot of snags in here. I guess the trees fall into the water and make snags here. I guess maybe we've got some snags."

"I'll just back up," said Mr. Murch and he backed the boat. At the third jerk he gave his line the line parted above the bobber.

"Do you want I should jerk mine up, too, papa?" asked Ted.

Mr. Murch looked at Ted's taut line.

"Jerk it!" he said. "Here, give it to me, I'll jerk it."

He jerked it and the line came up, leaving the Oomtowakka Wiggler at the bottom of the lake.

"This is a swell lake to fish in, I don't believe!" said Mr. Murch with bitter irony. "I'm going to row around into that other arm."

FROM the cottage the other arm of the lake seemed but a stone's throw distant but it was in fact much farther than that. It was far if one rowed a direct course through the pickerel weed, but Mr. Murch chose to follow the clearer water by the shore and one point followed another. He took off his vest and the perspiration rolled down his face and the sun now beat down like something living and virulent. He laid his hat aside and bent to the oars and his moist and unaccustomed hands blistered at the tops of their palms, and he tore his handkerchief in two and wrapped the halves around the handles of the oars. The boat moved slowly. Mr. Murch set his mouth in a hard line and rowed grimly.

"You had better row out a little, papa," Ted said now and then and, when Mr. Murch turned his head he then saw he was rowing straight into the shore. They rounded point after point; now and then Mr. Murch held both oars in one hand while he wiped his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt. Then he rowed on. "You had better row out a little, papa; there's a dead tree there."

They reached, around the final point, the other arm of the lake and

here, where a huge maple tree extended a branch over the water, Mr. Murch ran the nose of the boat into the shore. There was shade here, almost the only shade on the lake.

"We'll try it here," said Mr. Murch. "This looks like a good place to me."

"Yes, sir," said Ted obediently. "What shall we fish with?"

Mr. Murch looked into the cigar box and selected two of the weird fishing appliances he had bought. One was the green and yellow thing with black spots; the other was an aluminum article of torpedo shape, painted white below and green above.

"We will try these," said Mr. Murch and he passed the aluminum curiosity to Ted.

"Are we going to troll?" asked Ted.

"We are going to fish right here awhile," said Mr. Murch. "I think this is a good place for bass."

"Yes, sir," said Ted obediently, although he knew no bass could have been there since the last convulsion of nature, perhaps some eight million years before, had made this a shoal with a muck bottom, and he tied the aluminum incongruity to the end of his line. He waited then for his father to show him the right way to fish for bass with this sort of instrument. Mr. Murch ran out a little line, swung his green and yellow affair some four feet beyond the boat and let it sink. It settled calmly into the mud, drawn downward by the sinker, and was lost to sight. The green and red bobber floated calmly on the surface. Mr. Murch took out his pipe and filled and lighted it, felt gently of the top of his head, looked at the blisters on his hands and practically ceased to exist. Ted put his aluminum toy in the water and the sinker drew it down but it was lighter than Mr. Murch's tricolored error of judgment and did not sink entirely into the muck. It could still be seen and now and then during the afternoon a small yellow perch of fingerling size swam up and examined it with amazement and then swam away to tell its folks what it had seen. None of its family ever believed it.

ABOUT one o'clock Mr. Murch and Ted ate their lunch and drank cool water out of a thermos bottle and about two Mr. Murch made himself a pillow out of his coat and went to sleep in the boat. Now and then Ted raised and lowered his line, letting the aluminum lure rest on a different place in the mud. He kept very quiet so that he might not disturb his father's sleep. He watched a colony of apple-seed bugs that wiggled about on the surface of the lake under the lee of the boat, and he caught one and let it dry and it flew away. The seat of the boat grew harder and harder and Ted moved

from hip to hip. He turned and looked out over the lake but there was not another boat in sight. He looked up into the maple tree. He looked down at his toes and tried to see how far he could cross his big toes over the toes next to them. It was the longest afternoon he had ever spent and the dulllest and most uncomfortable. About five o'clock his father awakened, sat up and looked around.

"Hello!" he said. "Caught any fish?"

"No, sir," Ted said.

"That's funny," Mr. Murch said. "I've been asleep, I guess."

"Yes, sir," Ted agreed.

"Well, there don't seem to be any fish here," said Mr. Murch. "My word, this afternoon certainly has flown! My, but my hands are sore!"

"Shall I row?" asked Ted.

"You might try it awhile, anyway," said Mr. Murch.

Ted rowed to the homeward end of the arm and then directly toward the home cove. Now and then he looked over his shoulder to get his direction and when he was near home he let the boat stop between a white birch clump on one shore of the lake and white rock on the other.

"Do you want to fish any more, papa?" he asked.

"Do you?" asked Mr. Murch.

"Well, we haven't got any fish yet," said Ted rather wistfully. "I guess about now is about the best time, maybe. I guess this is about as good a place as any place, maybe."

"All right, son," said Mr. Murch cheerfully. "Try it is the word!"

"I guess I'll use a hook," said Ted.

"Anything you want to use," agreed Mr. Murch.

"I guess I'll use a sort of little hook," said Ted, and he took a "sort of little hook" from the pocket of his shirt and put it on the end of his line. The lead sinker he removed. He turned the bobber the other side up. He dug a worm from his can and took a reasonably small section of it.

"I'm going after bigger fish," said Mr. Murch merrily, and he put one of his four-smelled hooks on his line. It was a big hook and it took a big worm. That sized worm squirmed like a snake when he lowered it into the water.

Almost immediately Ted drew in a red-eye rock-bass as big as his father's hand.

"I got another little hook," he suggested.

"I'll use this one," his father said, trying the other side of the boat.

The next Ted got was a sunfish—a "croppie" or "goggle-eye"—but not a big one. He put it back and caught

(Continued on page 65)



A GOLDEN OPINION

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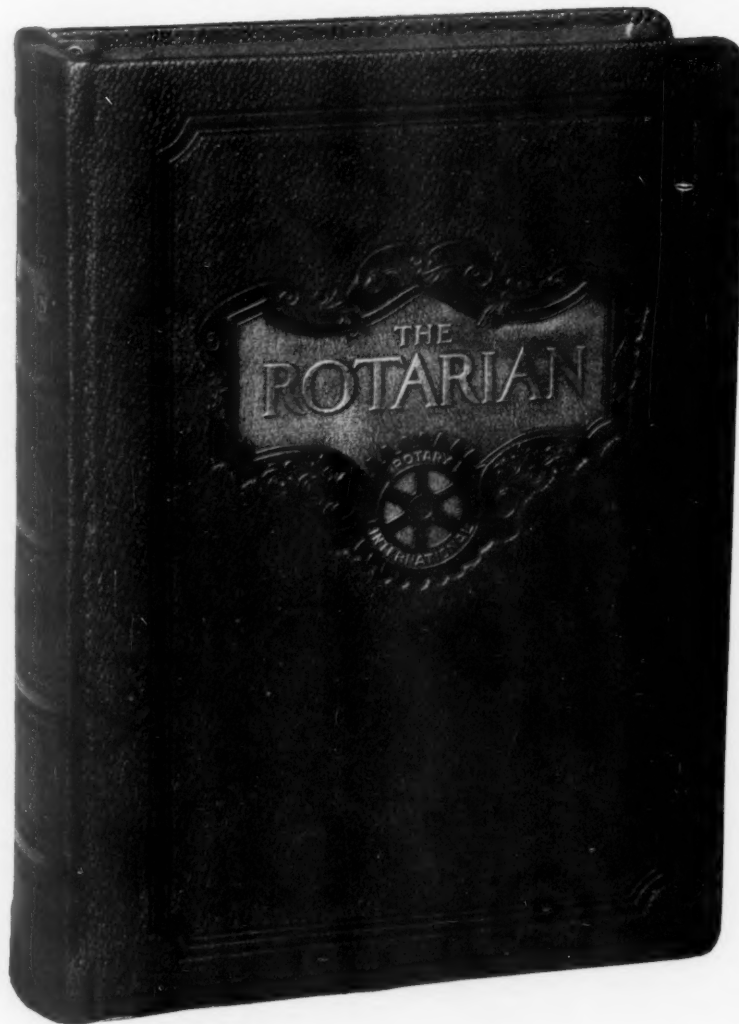
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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

(Continued from page 61)

one as big as his rock-bass instead. He caught two more and one perch big enough to eat. He felt ashamed of himself because he was catching so many while his father caught none.

"Maybe your bait is too big," he said. "Maybe it scares them away."

"I'm going to get a big one," said Mr. Murch.

"I guess maybe there aren't any big ones here," said Ted. "Mostly they don't get any big ones but pickerel in this lake, and they have to skitter for them."

"Have to what?" asked Mr. Murch.

"Skitter," said Ted. "They skitter over the top of the water with a big live shiner and the pickerel jump for them."

"Oh!" said Mr. Murch.

"Except sometimes they get a black bass over by that white rock when they've got shiners or frogs for bait."

"Oh!" said Mr. Murch.

"I've got another one, I guess," said Ted as his bobber went under suddenly. "Gee! I guess it's a big one! Oh, boy! Big old red-eye! Do you want to pull it in, papa?"

"Maybe I'd better, if it's a big one," said Mr. Murch.

"Oh, boy! It's a black bass!" cried Ted. "Here—you pull it in."

HE handed the rod to his father. He felt sorry for his father, who could catch no fish. Mr. Murch took the rod; he put his thumb on the reel and gave a mighty jerk; the bass at the same moment made a rush away from Mr. Murch; the line, bobber and hook flew up in the air. For a moment Ted looked at his father aghast.

"I guess I didn't have it hooked very well," he said meekly. "Do you want to go home now?"

"It's getting on toward dinner time," said Mr. Murch.

"I guess maybe it wasn't as big as I thought it was," said Ted. "I guess it was only a red-eye, anyhow."

When they reached the cottage Mrs. Murch was waiting at the top of the porch steps.

"Well, well! My fisher-boys!" she exclaimed. "Did you have a good time?"

"Did we have a good time!" laughed Mr. Murch in true son-and-father style. "I'll say we did!"

"Did you get any fish?"

"We got some," said Ted. "We got six."

"Won-der-ful!" cried Mrs. Murch. "We'll have them for dinner—our own fishermen's fish!"

"Yes, mam," said Ted.

"Emma," said Mr. Murch, "where do you keep that stuff you put on to cure sunburn? The top of my head is raw as a boil."

Ted put his can of worms behind one

of the posts that held up the porch and went around to the back to wash up for dinner. He listened during the dinner while his father told with well-simulated enthusiasm of the fun they had had, but he looked at his father more than he had looked at him in all his life. He could not keep his eyes from his father's face. He felt glad because his father had gone fishing with him but he felt uneasy, too, as if he had lost something and did not know what it was but wished he could find it again. It was not much he had lost, probably; it was merely his belief that his father was wonderful in all ways. He still believed his father

was wonderful in all ways but one; he really could not believe his father was a wonderful fisherman.

"I think it is good for you and Ted to be together more than you have been," said Mrs. Murch when the rest of the family was in bed.

Mr. Murch puffed his pipe thoughtfully and considered this. He considered it so long that Mrs. Murch repeated her statement.

"I said I thought it was good for you and Ted to be together more than you have been," she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Murch slowly; "it is going to be a great thing for me; I can see that."



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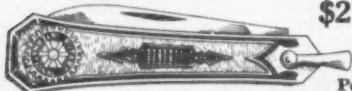
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Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

"It has given me a new conception of how wide a field THE ROTARIAN covers," says Margaret Busbee Shipp, telling of the mail she received after her story "Loot" appeared in the November issue. She had letters from Rotarians in Canada, California, New York, Texas



Ellis Parker Butler, author of
"Father."

and from the wife of the Governor General of Porto Rico. Besides these, there was this letter from David W. K. Au, of Shanghai, which she has given us permission to quote:

I have just read your article entitled "Loot" in the November issue of THE ROTARIAN. As a Rotarian and as a Chinese, allow me to express my appreciation of the splendid Rotary thought which the article inspires.

Whether the story is true or not, I am comforted in the thought that the ideal, at least, still exists among some of our foreign friends who are in China for service and not for exploitation. If we can only recognize the fact that we are all human beings and that we are the creations of the same God, there will be no more racial prejudices and incidentally no more wars.

"Who's Who"—Among Our Contributors

Sherwood Snyder, who wrote "Humanity's Love Story," runs a community kitchen at Dayton, Ohio. Another proof that the way to a man's heart, etc., you know the rest.

Harry H. Rogers writes of Rotary responsibilities. He has demonstrated his own willingness to undertake responsibilities both in Rotary and in the many business organizations of which he is an officer.

J. R. Perkins of Council Bluffs, Iowa, one of the men who drafted Rotary's Code of Ethics, is at present engaged in editing the memoirs of General Dodge, of Civil War renown, but he interrupted that work long enough to write "Brothers of the Four Seas" for the February Number.

"Arthur Melville" is a staff writer

whom you have learned to know through the columns of this magazine.

Leonard T. Skeggs, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Youngstown, Ohio, former district governor, is chairman of the Committee on Classifications.

Walter D. Cline, of Wichita Falls, Texas, is president of the Cline Oil Company, producers of petroleum; and in Rotary is chairman of the Convention Committee.

Miles H. Krumbine, of Buffalo, New York, is pastor of the Parkside Lutheran Church and member of the Buffalo Rotary Club. Dr. Krumbine will fill a preaching engagement at the City Temple, London, late this summer.

C. D. Garretson is chairman of the Business Methods Committee, a former district governor, and president of the Electric Hose and Rubber Company of Wilmington, Del.

Charles St. John is a member of the editorial staff of this magazine.

Ellis Parker Butler, American humorist, famed author of "Pigs Is Pigs," lives at Flushing, Long Island, New York.

J. A. Dodge is treasurer of the John M. Brant Company, of Bushnell, Ill., dealers in power farm machinery.

"Sam" Hsu, is one of the Chinese editors of *The China Press*, and member of the Rotary Club of Shanghai.



Arthur A. Young, author of
"Educated Birds of Passage."

Arthur A. Young came to the United States as a Chinese student from the West Indies. He studied at the University of Illinois, Northwestern University, has a B. A. from Evansville College and a degree in journalism from the University of Missouri. In "Educated Birds of Passage" he gives the foreign student's impressions.

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